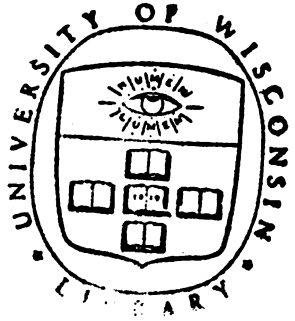
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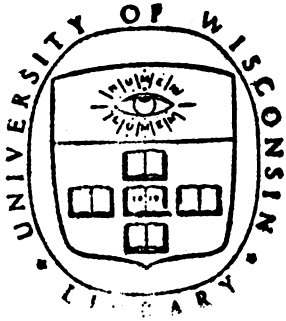





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THE BOOK OF

# 1000 COMICAL STORIES;

AN

# ENDLESS REPAST OF FUN

BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER

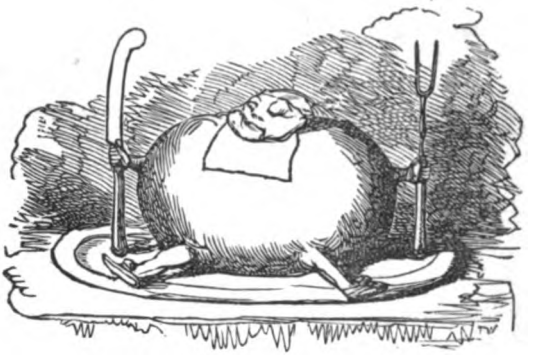
A RICH BANQUET FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, WITH SEVERAL COURSES, AND A DESSERT.

"Gems of Wit, of Mirth and Fun,
Sunbeams shed from Pleasure's sun;
Jokes from Laughter's plenteous store,
To set the table in a roar."

## BILL OF FARE:

COMPRISING

TALES OF HUMOR, LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES, IRRESISTIBLE DROLLERIES, JOVIAL JOKES, COMICAL CONCEITS, PUNS AND PICKINGS, QUIBBLES AND QUIRKS, BON MOTS AND BROADGRINS, ODDITIES, EPIGRAMS, ETC., ETC.



MERRY SONGS FOR MERRY MOMENTS;

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE MILLION; AN INEXHAUSTIBLE STORE OF NUTS TO CRACK, AND SPORTS AND PASTIMES FOR ALL SEASONS; FORMING A WELCOME GUEST FOR SPRING, A CHEERFUL FRIEND FOR SUMMER, A JOVIAL HOST FOR AUTUMN, A PLEASANT COMPANION FOR WINTER, AND A VARIED FEAST OF MIRTH FOR EVERYBODY'S ENJOYMENT.

Appropriately Illustrated with 250 Comic Engravings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. PARTINGTON'S CARPET-BAG OF FUN."

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS, No. 18 ANN STREET.
1859.

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No. 26 Frankfort Street.

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## To the Public.

THE purveyor of the ensuing apology for a "Feast of reason and flow of soul," takes leave to greet his guests with a hearty, but respectful, welcome. It would be in bad taste for him to dilate at his threshold upon what he has provided for their entertainment: his brief bill of fare will presently be laid before them.

He ventures to indulge a hope, that his repast will prove obnoxious to none, and, in some degree gratifying to many; that those who may discover nothing



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to their taste in one course, will meet with something piquant in another, and that

> "Those may laugh, who never laughed before,
> And those who always laughed, now laugh the more."

And that, even if the *dishes* be disliked, the *plates* at least will please, having been assisted in the decorations by the most eminent artists of the day, with their choicest *cuts!*

And having had the fortunate pleasure on previous occasions of satisfying the fastidious palate of public taste, in those very successful works, "The American Joe Miller," "Laughing Gas," and "Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun," encouraged by the plaudits of a generous public, he presents himself with the present offering at the bar of public opinion: conscious as he feels of his own demerits, he throws himself on the liberality of his kind judges, and pleads for a lenient sentence.

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# A PLATE OF CHOWDER;

OR,

## Endless Repast of Fun.




When Master Merryman enters the ring with a bound and a somersault—and says "*Here we are*,"—the audience immediately are put in good humor, and are prepared to laugh at anything and everything he utters.

So we throw ourselves before the public with the greeting of "Here *we* are," and respectfully solicit your kind and indulgent attention the repast prepared for your delight.



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A SPREAD EAGLE TOAST.—*Our Nation:* Begotten amidst the storms of the sixteenth century, its infantile movements were dim and indistinctly seen on board the May Flower, on the rock of Plymouth, at Jamestown, on the plains of Monongahela, and on the heights of Abraham; the "capricious squalls" of its infancy were heard in the tea-party of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on the plains of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill; in his boyhood, he ran barefooted and bareheaded over the fields of Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown, whipping his mother and turning her out of doors; in his youth, he strode over the prairies of the boundless West, and called them his own, paid tribute to the despots of Barbary in powder and ball, spit in his father's face from behind cotton bales at New Orleans, whipped the mistress of the ocean, revelled in the halls of Montezuma, straddled the Rocky Mountains, and with one foot upon golden sand and the other upon codfish and lumber, defied the world; in his manhood, clothed in purple and fine linen, he rides over a continent in cushioned cars, rides over the ocean in palace steamers, sends his thoughts on wings of lightning to the world around, thunders at the door of the Celestial Empire and at the portals of distant Japan, slaps his poor decrepit father in the face, and tells him to be careful how he peeks into any of his pickaroons, and threatens to make a sheep pasture of all the land that joins him. What he will do in old age, God only knows. May he live ten thousand years, "and his shadow never be less."

The following patriotic extract must have been delivered by the same highfalutin individual:

*The American Eagle!* the American EAGLE! gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—as she stands—standing, [with great vigor,] with one foot on the Alleghanies and the other on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the *Rocky* Mountains and the *other* on the Alleghanies, *shall—shall* HOWL, gentlemen and fellow citizens, in the *glorious freedom* of—her NATIVE AIR!

ALMOST A CRY—SIS!—A diffident young clergyman was recently invited to dine with a professional brother, who kept a Young Ladies' Boarding-school near West Point, on the Hudson. He was introduced to a bevy of fair pupils in the draw-

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ing-room, and among them to a Miss Jones, to whom he said, stammering, "A—a—a—a Miss J—jones, I—I—I am not entirely unacquainted with you. I—I—I had the honor of s—s—leeping wi—with y—ou—y—our father a short time ago.



ANOTHER ECCENTRIC SERMON.—The following rich extract from a Hard-Shell Baptist sermon we presume to be reported by the author of the "Harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfeck." It loses much of its humor, because we cannot put in print the peculiar sing-song style and appropriate gestures that should accompany it:—

"My friends—Sin makes the purtiest young man or ooman in the world look ugly-ah. And I'll tell you how I know-ah. I was coming up to church to-day when I saw some young men in the road-ah, and thought one of them was the purtiest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And as I drew nigh unto them I discovered that they were playing at marvels (marbles,) and they drew nigh unto a place what they called the taw, and they marvelled-ah. And this purty young man was the last one to marvel-ah. And when he marvelled, he jumped up and flapped his hands, like a rooster does his wings, and says he, 'I wish I may be d—d if I hain't fat-ah!' And oh, my friends, then I thought that was the ugliest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And I opened my mouth and spoke unto him thus—says I, 'Young man, this is not the

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way to salvation.' And, says he, 'Old Horse, if you had been salivated as bad as I have, you wouldn't want to hear talk of salivation.' And now, my friends, when that ar' young man said he was fat he told a lie-ah, for he was as lean as that hungry-looking sister over thar, that's always praying so piously when the hat is bein' passed round-ah. And, my friends, if that young man hadn't been blinded by sin he never could a mistuck me for an old horse."

### A RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messengers sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.



### A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

HUS I sat one night by a blue-eyed girl,
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother:
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammer'd, cough'd, and stutter'd;
But somehow, nothing to the point had utter'd.

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I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitch'd my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She look'd as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
I couldn't speak—the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seem'd tied to the chair—
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seem'd losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that—
My doubts, like summer clouds began to scatter
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder now was out!
The thing was all explained in half a minute;
She blush'd, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said "Pussy, tell him 'yes;'" her foot was in it?
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.



"VOICES OF THE NIGHT." RATHER GUTTER—AL.

QUITE IN HIS LINE.—Dr. Thompson keeps the Atlanta Hotel. Two gentlemen stopped there, and one of them getting tight, was reproved by the landlord, when the other cautioned the doctor not to speak rashly to his friend, for he had *killed his man!* "Killed his *man!*" roared Thompson; "why, sir, I've practiced medicine twenty years, and do you think to frighten me with a chap that has only killed *one* man?"

A HAPPY CHANGE.—"My dear sir," said Drumsticks, to a young married gentleman who had just been made father to a bouncing baby, "My dear sir, can you tell me in what



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your present situation varies from that of the same individual one year ago?" "Can't say that I can, Drumsticks." "I will tell you. One year ago you were a *sighing lover*—now you are a *loving sire*."

SLEEP FOR ONE EYE.—Two boys, one of them blind of an eye, were discussing the merits of their respective masters. "How many hours do you get for sleep?" asked one. "Eight," replied the other. "Eight? why I only gets four." "Ah," replied the first, "but recollect you have only got *one* eye to close, and I have *two*."

## FARMER STUBBINS.

BY BILL GUBBINS.



RONT of his hearth-stone, one summer night,
Sat pious Farmer Stubbins;
The flames shot up in eddies bright,
Climbing up to such a height
That all the room was robed in light,
Including Mr. Stubbins;
While whittling a stick at his father's right,
Sat the eldest son of Stubbins.

Spreading the old deal table out,
Was the "better-half" of Stubbins;
The steam gushed out from the kettle's snout,
And merrily joggled the lid about
To a lovely tune, which it hummed without
The ken of Mrs. Stubbins.
But had she known the air, no doubt,
'Twould have shocked the good Dame Stubbins.

A hearty meal, that close of day,
Ate pious Farmer Stubbins;
And when the things were cleared away,
The Stubbinses kneeled them down to pray;
Old man, old dame, and Ned, and May—
Lord bless the name of Stubbins!
And yet the gossips all did say,
A *sinner* was "Old Stubbins."

"My family from every harm
Lord, keep," prayed pious Stubbins;
"And let the corn upon my farm
Yield ears as long as thy servant's arm;
Yea, Lord, as long as my Betsey's arm,
And none of your little nubbins!"
And sure religion hath a charm
For many such as Stubbins.

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"SLAYING OF THE GIRLS."—From daybreak now to *savory* noon, from noon until the night, when pours the effulgence of the moon on streets of ghastly white; from night until the grey of dawn, the tide of pleasure whirls, and all things now but tend to this—the sleighing of the girls. Now Alice at the mirror looks, and Mary ties her bonnet, a miracle of tull and lace, with marabouts upon it; and hearing bells loud jingling near, they both arrange their curls—there's Bobby driving up, he's come a sleighing of the girls. And now beneath the wolf-robe they tuck their pretty feet, while o'er the reins with wondrous pains young Bobby reigns so neat; the horses all so gaily drest, the harness all complete—my gracious, what a swell they cut, *a* driving up the street; and Bobby also cuts a swell and cuts the horses, too—and cuts his poor acquaintances, as crowds he passes through; and now beneath the horses' hoofs a clouded snow-wreath whirls; my gracious, what a luxury this sleighing of the girls. And Bobby, then, to show his skill, drives faster and still faster, and whip in hand presides o'er all—of all *horse kind* the master. Around the corner like a top the sleigh like lightning whirls—the sleigh goes on—but in a bank lie Bobby and the girls.

MORAL.—Don't put on airs when with the fairs. Don't try to cut a swell—or we'll be bound you may be found where Bobby was—pell mell—all mixed up with embroideries, with rosy lips and curls; oh! what a bliss to end like this, the *slaying* of the girls.

PATRICK'S SERENADE.

Oh! Bridget, mavourneen, joost open the winder,
And give me a glimpse av your beautiful face;
My ancient dudeen is all burnt to a cinder,
And boogs are quite thick in this murtherin' place.

Sure, Biddy, my girl, it's no joke for a ganius,
To walk all the day 'nathe the botherin' hod,
And thin' in the night serynade a young Vanius,
Clane up to his knees in the muddy ould sod.

I'm dyin' with rapture, my jewel of cratures,
And niver a lovyer more willingly howled;
But don't ye let scorn wrinkle up your swate fatures,
Because your poor Paddy has got such a cowld.

The lightnin' is roarin', the toonder is flashin',
The moon is no bigger than nothin' at all;
And such an outragious and divilish splashin',
I niver did hear, since the days I was small.

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Thin open the winder, my queen av affection,
Or, what is as good,—plase open the door;
Nor dhrame that you're sure of escapin' detection—
I know ye're awake, by the length av ye're shnore!

Oh, Law!—In one of the courts, lately, there was a long and learned discussion as to whether a witness should be allowed to answer the question, "What did Mary say?" Three judges gave long and elaborate opinions in the affirmative, and the question being repeated, the answer was, "Not a word."

Jonathan and the Jib.—"Let go that jib—let go that jib, quick!" shouted the captain of a Down East sloop to a raw hand in a squall. "I ain't touchin' yer jib!" returned Jonathan, indignantly, as he jammed his fists deeper into his trouserloons.



## THE COMET.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies!
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

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On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names:
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;

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I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

## FRENCH MILLINERS: AN EPIGRAM.

BY BROWN.

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* "a modest!"

A Colored Heaven.—A pious Virginia darkey, who was expatiating on religious subjects very largely to his master, remarked that he had "been up to Heaven to see de Lord;" and he was giving forth in glowing characters the beauties of that place, and of its glorious inhabitants, when his master asked him: "Well, John, did you see any colored folks there?" "No, Massa; I don't know, for I didn't go into de kitchen!"

A Shifty Judge.—A short time since they had a queer case of a Circuit Judge in the Western District of Tennessee. He was a good lawyer, and cared nothing for appearance and less for dress. The latter he knew nothing about, it being left entirely to Betty his wife. His Betty was absent from home once when he started round on his circuit, leaving the Judge to pack his clothes for the trip. He did so, but instead

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of finding his shirts he seized on a pile of his wife's what-you-call-ems, used for a like purpose. A learned brother, who roomed with him, was much amused a few mornings afterward at the queer appearance of the Judge, nothing being in sight but his head, arms and feet, his looks of bewilderment, and his *sotto voce* reflections, which were: "I wonder what on earth made Betty cut off my shirt-sleeves? I don't see!" It is probable that he heard the reason the next time he saw Betty, but not before, as the bar kept dark on the matter that round. We think he had a very poor knowledge of the chemise-try, as an applied science.

Why are you more like a carpenter than I am?



Because you are a deal plainer.

## AN EXPLOSION.

BY A WESTERN POET.

The engine groaned,
The wheels did creak,
The steam did whistle,
And the boiler did leak.

The boiler was examined—
They found it was rusted—
When all on a sudden
The old thing busted.

Shocking Recipe.—A lady riding in the cars a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old matron who was exceedingly deaf. "Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, Miss?" "I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "Oh, yes, I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it did me a bit of good."

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A STRIKING LIKENESS.

NOT PUSHING HIM.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with a basket for contributions. Parson L—— was one of the basket-bearers, taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H——, a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L—— extended the basket and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the Parson.

"Can't do it," replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes; but I am not able to give anything."

"Poh! poh! I know better, you must give a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money. I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, Parson, but then *he aint a pushing me like the balance of my creditors.*"

The parson's face got into rather a curious condition as he passed on.

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A HORSE-PITAL.

## THE PLAGUE OF TIGHT BOOTS.

Of all the plagues in this world of care
To make a man "wrathy," or make him swear,
There is nothing so bad, I must declare,
As a pinched-up understanding.
A fellow with boots a trifle too small
Is more to be pitied, by one and all,
Than an innocent pig fast under a wall,
Or drunken covies disbanding.

His instep and toes are terribly "*squoze*,"
His heels are as numb as tho' they were froze,
And all are as cold as a dead man's nose,
Or the fob of a defunct gobbler.
The nerves that run to the base of the brain
Are telegraphic wires for strokes of pain
That make him cry out again and again,
"A curse to the blundering cobbler!"

Perhaps the first time he puts on the pair,
He takes a fancy to visit his fair,
Quite proud of the boots he is able to wear,
And wonders if she'll smell leather!
He thumps at the knocker, or pulls the bell,
And enters the parlor with such a swell
You'd think the fellow could buy and sell
The worldlike a peacock feather.

But cosily seated—the greetings all o'er—
His mind is forcibly called to the floor—
He finds that his toes are very sore,
And groans o'er his situation.
He dandles his left leg over his right,
Then turning half round he speaks of the night;
But smiles are all grins—his boots are too tight,
And he murmurs "Thunderation!"

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He changes his legs—leans back in his chair,
Then changes again, and brushes his hair—
Then changes again, and looks at his fair,
And speaks of his heart's devotion.
The lady perceives there is something the fuss,
And wonders what really can be the muss,
To make the gentleman hitch about thus,
With such a slippery motion.



She fears he is sick, and asks if 'tis so;
He tries to laugh, and chatters "Oh, no!"
And says he certainly will have to go,
Though it pains him much to leave her;
But when from his chair he springs on his pegs,
He walks very much like "treading on eggs,"
'Twas queer to notice the twist of his legs,
As Debby handed his beaver.

And home he goes with a scowl on his face,
At being compelled to *vamose* the place
Before he'd commenced his wife-winning race,
Or called his lady's attention.
It's a horrid thing when folks are not right,
But a hundred times worse when boots "get tight,"
As the one whose case we mention.

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And we earnestly warn all wife-hunting chaps
Who wear stub-toes and small trousers with straps,
To keep a sharp eye on the size of their taps,
And thereby avoid the fearful mishaps
Of an over-fancy booting.
When you ask a miss for a helping hand,
If your boots are large, you will find you stand,
For making a "dip" at "Pa's" "tin" and land,
On a great deal easier footing!



### WHAT THEY GET AT SCHOOL.

BEVY of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, etc. The next got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow who was at that moment slily driving a tenpenny nail into a door panel. "Me?—oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin's."

HEN PERSUADERS.—The *Springfield Republican*, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceive the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghae pullet of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghae used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort; and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away."

"MOTHER, this book tells about the angry waves of the

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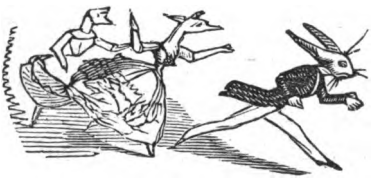
ocean; what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

## THE LOAFER'S ADDRESS TO A MOSQUITO.

You wiked blud sucker, why doant
You urn yure livin some way beside
Litin down on people and inserten yure
Long bil to git blud, litin on
Foakses noses, and when they git mad and
Begin to slap, leave? Haint you got no feelinks?
Grate seezer! how yude git nocked if yu was
As large as sum tu leged blud suckers as is
Round here, wot wares kloas. Why doant you
Lite doun sly, as tha du, and blede em foar
Tha no it, without hollerin all the whyle?

Yure a kanable! yu do a big biznis on a
Smawl skail; yu suck more blud owt of a
Feller than a elefant can, an yure smeller
Aint haff as long. Yu waik up foaks
When tha are sleepin, and tha swair
Vengens. How du yu work it to keap
Yure bil so sharp without grindin? Whi
Doant yu pek wurms out of treas,
& ete insex, yu long leged cuss?

What tewn is it yu syng so much,
Goin rownd with yure fethirs shott oph,
Seakin whom yu ma devower? Yu
Seam too be a kon ten tid burd from yure
Syngin, and syng loudis when yure
Hungreyist. I shud thynck yude want on
Boots or panty letts, to keep yure long
Legs from bein koald thys wether:
Inseck, yure uselis; yu kant chaw, butt
Yure sum on suckin, kaus you nevir
Git weaned. Inseck, a dew.



A HAREM SCAREM FELLOW.

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## HOW AQUA-FORTIS OPERATED ON OLD JOE.



T the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known in the town and country round, as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing "chores" or errands—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides, than so much water. He generally made his head-quarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink, he would slip to the bar and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of *aqua-fortis* on the bar, and turned round to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after, he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found to his dismay that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor, in affright to the landlord, "what has become of the *aqua-fortis* I put on the bar a few moments ago?" "I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it." In this suspicion they were both soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe swallow the fatal draught. The Doctor, knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses and woods for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village topers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar-room, nothing was thought of or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time, had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant: what was his surprise, when about

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five miles from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood. "Why, Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you were dead and buried before this." "Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" answered Joe, leaning on his axe-handle. "Did'nt you drink that dose that I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?" "Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it. "Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor. "No!" returned Joe. "Why, it was *aqua-fortis*—enough to kill a dozen men." "Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff? for after I drank it, *every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket-handkerchief!*"



A SLIGHT BREEZE—HOISTING ALL CANVAS! A MARINE SKETCH IN WATER COLORS.

"POOR FOLKS ASHORE"—OR, THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid
And said to Billy Bowling:

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"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds
For fear the roof shall fall in:
Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses,
When you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying.

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

## GO IN AND WIN.



CERTAIN Dr. Blank had a horse so thoroughly used up as to be worthless—the only good "points" remaining, being where his bones distended the skin. So he prepared to dispose of him in this wise. He went into the stable with a lath, and gave the animal a regular rib-wasting three times a day, until, finally, whenever the excited horse heard his step, or saw his face, he would begin to kick and plunge like one possessed. Arrived at this point, the doctor borrowed the decorated blanket of a once well-known nag, called "White Feather," and enveloping

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the remains of his horse in it, sent him to auction to be sold, with directions to the auctioneer to "let him slide" if he could get a bid of forty dollars. In the meantime the brute was advertised as "a celebrated horse—kind in harness—had made his mile inside of three minutes—was handy at the plough—and sold only because the owner had no use for him."

On the day of sale, a crowd gathered—among which was the Doctor, whom the horse no sooner saw, than he began to manifest signs of uneasiness, which the auctioneer called life and spirit! The first bid was seventy-five dollars, and soon ran up to one hundred—one hundred and twenty-five—one hundred and fifty—at which price the nag was pronounced sold. The buyer (a down easter) paid the money, and harnessed the spirited animal to his wagon, informing the crowd that he was going to Cape Cod, where he himself belonged.

He had not been absent more than an hour, when he was seen wending his way back, not having got quite so far as Cape Cod! He told the auctioneer that he had returned to make some enquiries, which perhaps it would have been as well to have made before he bought the horse.

"You say this animal has made his mile under three minutes?"

"Yes."

"May I be allowed to enquire how long since?"

"Certainly—within three weeks."

"One question more—where did he do it?"

"On the Rutland Railroad cars—down grade!"

The present owner made up his mind instanter, that the term "sold" had a double signification.

CAN'T YOU THROW A LITTLE O' THAT IN?—Can you take off my baird here?" said a grave, tall, slab-sided Yankee to an Albany barber, feeling, at the same time, his chin with a noise like a grater; "It's a light baird; what d'yer tax? Three cents for a light baird, ain't it?"

"Yes."

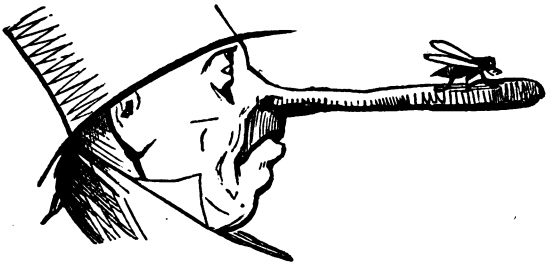
"Waal, go ahead, then."

While the barber was rasping three cents worth from his chin, his "sister" saw an assistant putting cologne upon a customer's hair, through a quill in the cork of a bottle.

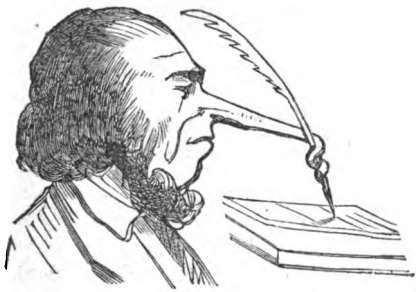
"Look o' here, squire," said the Yankee, "can't you squirt some o' that peppersass onto my head, tew? Say, can't you throw a little o' that in, for the three cents?"

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NOSEOLOGY.



"GIVE me a man with plenty of nose," said Napoleon—and so say the caricaturists, that we may exaggerate it—and so say the fire-eaters, that we may pull it—and so say we, for various reasons hereafter explained. Instead of the proboscis with which man is endowed, we will, for argument's sake, suppose each individual to be gifted with a flexible snout like an elephant. To the alderman, perhaps, this might prove a disadvantage; the nose, of course, partaking of the inflexibility of the rest of the body, would become the resort of epicurean flies, not to mention an occasional wasp.

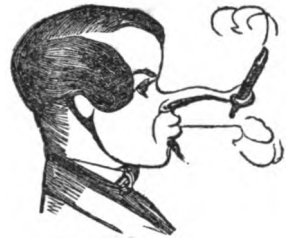


With the literary man, however, it would be different. What an immense advantage would it be to James, or Alexandre Dumas, to be blessed with a feature which he could use in the manner represented in the above cut.

Of course, men about town, having nothing else to do, could tie their proboscis in a knot, or use it for holding the ircigars.



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These are a few of the many advantages which would arise from this arrangement; but we will not dilate upon the subject, lest we should be carried away by our enthusiasm, when we would not be answerable for the consequences!



A MILLINER'S SHOP IS ONLY A DUCK-POND.—A miserable grumbling victim of a husband anathematizes those seductively pretty bonnets that milliners will exhibit in their shop-windows to tempt poor frail women to step inside and purchase. He informs us that they are generally "show-bonnets," bought at a large price in Paris, and kept purposely before the public female eye as an alluring bait to catch customers. But few can resist the temptation. A wife looks—sails round it—admires and admires—ventures closer and closer—opens her mouth—and with one bold gulp she and her purse are fairly hooked and taken in. Therefore, our above-mentioned victim declares that whenever, to his sorrow and cost, he overhears his wife, in an ecstacy of uncontrollable admiration, exclaim: "There's a Duck of a Bonnet!" he always says, as

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tenderly as he can, "No, my dear, not a Duck, but a Decoy-Duck of a Bonnet. It is only placed there just to induce a pretty little Duck, like yourself, my dear, to rush in after another!" The first time he tried this tender remonstrance it had the effect, he says, of saving his wife from plunging into the inevitable vortex of extravagance, but he regrets to add that it has never succeeded since! He characterizes a milliner's shop as a Duck-pond, full of nothing but Decoy-Ducks.



OLD MISS TARBOX AND HARDY LEE.—Many years ago, on a stormy and inclement evening, "in the bleak December," old Miss Tarbox, accompanied by her niece, Mary Ann Stackpole, sailed from Holmes' Hole, Massachusetts, to Cotuit, in the topsail schooner Two Susans, Captain Blackler. "The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon" that old schooner, and great was the tossing and pitching thereof; while Captain Blackler and his hardy crew "kept her to it," and old Miss Tarbox and her niece rolled about in their uncomfortable bunks, wishing themselves back in Holmes' Hole, or any other hole, on the dry land. The shouts of Captain Blackler, as he trod the deck, conveying orders for "tacking ship," were distinctly audible to the afflicted females below; and "Oh," groaned old Miss Tarbox, during a tranquil interval of her internal economy, as for the fifteenth time the schooner "went in stays," "what a dreffful time them poor creeturs of sailors is a having on't.

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Just listen to Jim Blackler, Mary Ann, and hear how he is ordering about that poor fellow *Hardy Lee*. I've heerd that creetur hollered at for twenty times this blessed night, if I have onct." "Yes," replied the wretched Mary Ann, as she gave a fearful retch to starboard, "but he aint no worse off than poor *Taupsle Hall*,—he seems to ketch it as bad as Hardy." "I wonder who they be?" mused old Miss Tarbox. "I knowed a Miss Hall, that lived at Seekonk Pint onct—mebbe it's her son." A tremendous sea taking the Two Susans on her quarter at this instant, put a stop to the old lady's cogitations; but they had an awful night of it—and still above the roaring of the wind, the whistling and clashing of the shrouds, the dash of the sea, and the tramp of the sailors, was heard the voice of stout Captain Blackler, as he shouted, "Stations! Hard a lee! Top 'sle haul! Let go and haul!" And the Two Susans went about. And as old Miss Tarbox remarked years afterward, when she and Mary Ann had discovered their mistake, and laughed thereat, "Anybody that's never been to sea wont see no pint to this story."

## KISSING CASUISTRY.

Kiss me, darling! When I kiss you,
Kiss me back and back again;
Lips are only rosy petals—
Kisses, drops of fragrant rain.

Where's the harm, then? I could give you
Reasons, dear! for every one,—
Only that I may not tell them
In the broad and garish sun.

Take, at least, I think, a sweet one!
And I know you'll think with me,
'Tis the Scriptures:—"Do to others
As thou'd'st have them do to thee."

DARN THE EXPENSE.—The following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship:

During an evening prayer-meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of zeal, rubbing and spatting his hands, shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of others were chiming in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and suppli-

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cation by such exclamations as "Yes, do, Lord," &c. The praying member went on with his prayer, growing more excited, more animated, more enraptured, beseechingly supplicating and imploring, saying "Come down here, Lord—come right down among us—come right here to-night—come right through the roof!" Another member, equally excited and enthusiastic, and who, it seems, was carried away by the shouting brother, and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in, and said; "Yes, come, Lord, right down through the roof, and *I'll pay for the shingles.*"

RAKE HER DOWN, SAL.—"Oh!" says the Squire, "I wish I was married, and well over it. I dread it powerful. I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I knowed one down in Georgia, that suited my ideas adzactly. About a week after her husband died, she started down to the graveyard, whar they planted of him, as she said, to read the prescription onto his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a looking at the stones which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithet on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she burst out: 'Oh! boo!' says she, 'Jones, he was one of the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar and a little tea, and some store goods for me, and lots of little necessaries, and a little painted hoss for Jeems, which that blessed child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it; and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n, and played up that good old tune,—

'Rake her down, Sal, oh, rang-dang-diddle,
Oh, rang-dang-diddle, dang, dang, da!'

Here," says the Squire, "she begin to dance, and I just thought she was the greatest woman ever I see." The Squire always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into his arm chair, and indulges in calm and dreamy reflection.

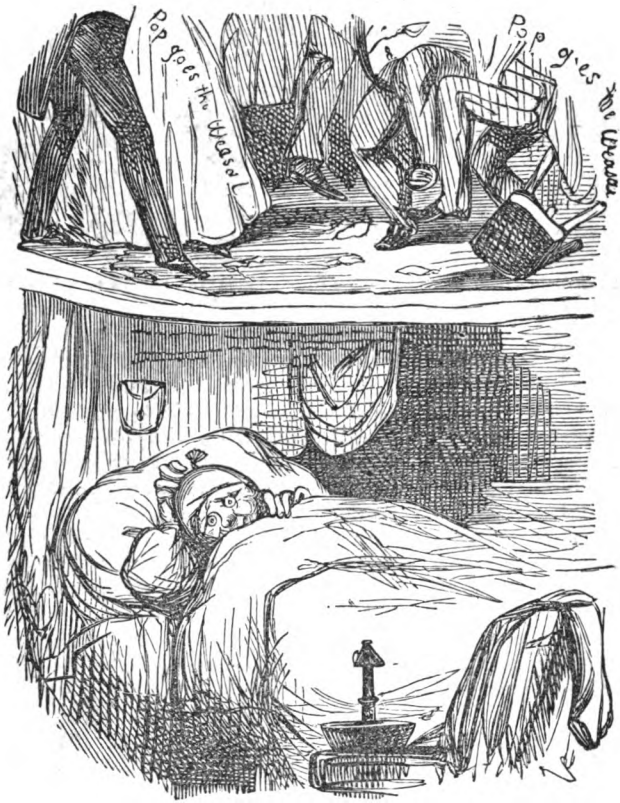
HOW TO GET A HAT.—"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?"

"Why, at de shop, ob course."

"What is de price of such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger—I don't know, *de shopkeeper wasn't dar.*"

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EVILS OF GOING TO BED WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR HAS A PARTY.

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.—I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was going on nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast before me, one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold, regularly enough, and churned till

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the butter came; she didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning-day came along she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again, and it was done just so, and I was in for it every time. Not a word was said, you know, of course.

Well, by-and-by this became very irksome. I wanted she should just ask me—but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it; so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came; and when my breakfast—she always got a nice breakfast—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few moments just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her a chance to call me; but not a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, up town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove—I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly feel how; but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon; it seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner time came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury are having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it! Not a word was passed. I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched up to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle—splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time:—"Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in

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the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in for me to exercise with. I never set up myself in household matters after that.



WILL YOU HAVE A BITE?

NEW TONIC.—A Yankee doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original *bark;* he calls it the sulphate of Canine!"



THE CHASE OF THE RAIN-DEAR.

HOW COL. JONES COMPLIMENTED THE CHILDREN.—Well, I put up with a first-rate, good-natured fellow, that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looked as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun. After awhile—after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather—in come three or four children, laffin' and skippin' as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle-bags, in which I put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along. "Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is." The oldest came to me and says, "My name is Peter Smith." "And what is your name, sir?" "Bob Smith." The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much. "Why, Mrs. Smith," says I, "I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—

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they are so beautiful and sprightly." "No," said she, laffin', "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much." "No, no," says I, "they're rale well-behaved children; and my gracious," says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, "I never did see anything equal to it," says I; "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir," tapping the oldest on the pate. "I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin', at that; her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house laffin'. "Do you think so, Col. Jones?" said she, looking towards Mr. Smith—and I thought she'd go off in a fit. "Yes," says I, "I do, railly." "Haw, haw, haw!" says Mr. S., kinder half laffin' "you are too hard on me now, with your jokes." "I aint jokin at all," says I; "they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you." Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em; and their heads was curly all over! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had had any children, and they sort o' petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things I could a got over it; but kissin' 'em showed I was in airnest.



A SOLDIER PITCHING HIS TENT.

NEW WAY OF RECKONING TIME.—"Halloa!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her on the sofa, in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a kiss, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half past twelve," was the cool reply of the joyful damsel; "you see we are almost one."

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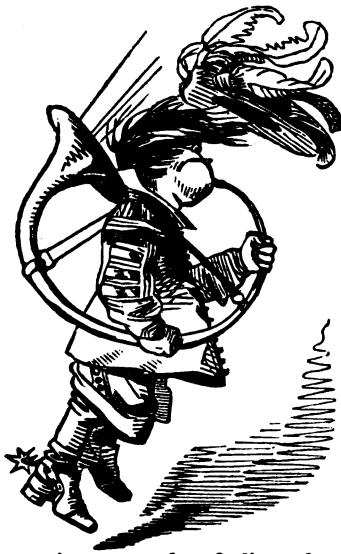


A PAIR OF BLACK KIDS.

STILTED BED-BUGS.—"You see, I went to bed pretty all-fired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalatin' on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt, and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, and doubled and puckered—all no use—kept agoin' it like all sin. Bimeby got up and struck a light to look round a spell—found about a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more droppin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minnit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up in it for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me like a passel of rats on a meal tub, dug a hole through the kiverlid, and crawled through and give me fits for trying to hide. Got up agin, went down stairs, and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor, lay down on the floor in the inside, and felt comfortable that time, any how. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See 'em get together and have a camp meeting 'bout it; and then they went off in a squad, with an old grey-headed he one at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceiling, till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face—fact, by thunder. Waal, I swept 'em up again and made a circle of tar on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul that time · but I swan to man, if they didn't pull

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straws out of the bed and build a reg'lar bridge over it!" Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus: "It's so, whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em *walked across on stilts.* Bed-bugs are curus critters, and no mistake—'specially the Kalamazoo kind."



TRUMPETERS VERSUS BLOWERS.—There are three sorts: 1st, the Impudent Man, who blows his own trumpet; 2d, the Clever Man, who gets the trumpet generally blown for him; and 3d, the Really Clever man, who will see all the trumpets blown first before he will stoop to any such trumpery expedients. It is for the latter that Fame takes up the instrument, and, with a trumpet-note, sounds their names all over the world; but, as this class is necessarily a very small one, we can not quarrel with the modesty of certain men, who, feeling that there is but little chance of Fame ever blowing the trumpet for them, become subscribers of that highly popular Musical Society of "Every Man His Own Trumpeter," and blow away lustily for themselves. Some of our greatest politicians, patriots, doctors, tragedians, and tight-rope dancers, are already members of the above Society, and the number is increasing daily.

A CLERGYMAN in Boston, meeting with one of his congregation who recently came in possession of quite a handsome property, by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along in the settlement of the estate.

"Oh!" said he, "I am having a dreadful time; what with getting out letters of administration, and attending Probate Court, and settling claims, *I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died.*"

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TURKEY TOM.—I wish to introduce you to one of our "characters." He is a long, lank pattern of humanity, with a very red shock of hair—shocking red hair, rather—and a pair of deep, sunken grey eyes, which look as if they were constantly on the alert to get a peep at the middle of next week. To use his own expression, "he keeps 'em allers skinned." This is Turkey Tom—cousin to Tom Owen, celebrated in the songs of Thorpe—born, bred, and brought up in the State of Arkansaw, with a through ticket for any kind of a spree, from a ball to a "bar fight;" a *few* in any kind of hunting, but especially death on turkeys. I was out hunting early one morning during the last "gobbling season," and was quietly stealing through the woods, when I was suddenly accosted by some one issuing from the canebrake. "Hello! I say, stranger, you ain't seen nothin' of a one-eyed, ball-faced, bob-tail pony cruisin' aroun' here this mornin', is yer?" "Nary one-eyed, ball-faced, bob-tailed pony, my friend," I replied. "Well, I reckon the little cuss has strayed to'rds home; but I'll lam his hide when I ketch him." The speaker was about moving on, when, seeing that he carried a rifle, I asked him if he had been successful in his hunt. "Stranger," he replied, "I'm allers successful, and it don't matter whether I hunt in a clearin' or a canebrake; ef I ever place my eye on a varmint. he has about as much chance as a nigger baby in a bar fight, He's a gone darkey, sartin. As for turkeys, I don't know whether they war made jest 'specially for me to hunt, or I was made jest to hunt them. When I was a baby, they give me a turkey bone to cut teeth on, and I rather reckon it worked inter my natur'. A turkey gobbler is *mity* cunnin'—the cunnin'est thing in the world, I reckon, except it is a wide-awake widder or a one-eyed Yankee. Hunt a gobbler rite close for a while, and he will git so cunnin' that he won't gobble without runnin' his head in a holler, and won't cross a branch where it is muddy enough to leave his tracks. Up in Arkansaw, onct, I hunted just such a one mor'n a year before I fixed him. I had my heart set on killin' him, and I actilly believe, ef I hadn't got that gobbler, it would have been the death of me. He dodged me so long that I was jest wastin' away to a shadder. That turkey roosted on my stomach and gobbled in my ear every night. At last, though, I fixed his flint for him. I diskivered he was too fat to fly, and findin' warnt no manner of use tryin' to burn powder at him, I e mornin' put my hounds upon his scratchins. My dogs is

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*fast*, but they run that turkey three hours before they came up with him. The last half mile I could track him jest by the grease that drapped out of him as he became heated; and when the dogs picked him up, he warnt nothin' but one gob of ile and feathers. Stranger, that gobbler's beard was so long that he allers carried the end of it in his mouth to keep from treadin' on it, and his spurs war so big that I used one of 'em for a powder horn." "Remarkably large turkeys you have in Arkansaw, my friend," I replied, as soon as I could catch my breath. "Yes, stranger, but everything else is big in that State. The muskeeters grow to be as big as blue herons, and the ticks there are larger than your terrapins here." Just then I heard something drop—can't say what it was—believe somebody fainted. That's the way I first saw Turkey Tom.

A Tough Witness.—*Prosecuting Attorney*—"Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession."

"He's been a professor ever since I've known him."

"Professor of what?"

"Of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he do?"

"Generally what he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go in to drink."

"Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now state how this defendant supports himself."

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp post."

"May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the court."

*Judge.*—"Mr. Parks, if you know anything about it, tell what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation, did you say?"

*Counsel*—"Yes, what is his *occupation?*"

"If I ain't mistaken, he *occupies* a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

*Cross-examined*—"Mr. Parks, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

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"I never heard of any correspondence or letters passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"

"No; I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"

"The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashions."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."



A YOUNG MAN OF LOOSE HABITS.

"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client in California.

"Yes, if they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge every one of 'em."

"Julius, you say you have left Mr. Allen, and gone to live with Mr. Green. How did you come to do that?"

"He urged me."

"Who urged you?"

"Mr. Allen."

"How so?"

"With a big boot. I gave his wife sass, and he kicked me off der stoop."

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DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATNG TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.

THE FOUR POINTS OF THE COMPASS MATRIMONIAL.—An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives.

A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one.

A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further.

A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

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FRIEND of mine was visiting the "White Hills" in the "Granite State," last year, and one day while passing a house observed a little child at the door with what he considered a dangerous plaything, viz: a chisel; and, thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. "Madam," said he, "are you aware that your child has got the chisel?" "Why the mercy on me!" exclaimed the mother. "Well, I knew something was the matter, for *the child has been ailing a long time.*" My friend left *instanter.*

John Jones has no objection to the lick her law, when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law, as applicable to John. Jane's argument is simple and conclusive. When John does liquor, he does lick her. When John don't liquor, he don't lick her; therefore, if John can't liquor, he won't lick her: the conclusion she wishes to reach.

How a Dutchman Told his Son an Interesting Story. —"Shon, mine Shon," said a German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language,—"Shon, mine Shon!—come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a *drue* story, or a makes pelieve?"

"Oh, a true story, of course!" answered John.

"Ferry vell, den. Dere vas once a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me), and he had von dirty little poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillian, as he vos. So he vent to der winkle (corner) and took out a cowhides (shoost as I am doing now), and he dook der dirty liddle plackguard by de collar (dis way, you see!) and volloped him, (shoost so!) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears dis way, and smack his face dat way, an' dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do dis efening."

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## HOW ICE-CREAM FROZE UP MR. SPIKE'S DAY-LIGHTS.



THAN SPIKE thus relates his adventure in a Broadway ice-cream saloon: "One day toward sundown, I was goin' by a shop in Middle street, that looked wonderfully slick; there was all manner of candy an' jossamints, an' what-nots at the winder; an' there was signs with gold letters on 'em hangin' round the door, tellin' how they sold soda-water, an' made ice-cream there. I sez to myself—I've hearn a good deal about this ice-creams, an' now, blow me, if I won't see what they are made of. So I put my hands intew my pockets, and walked in kinder careless, and sez to a chap standin' behind the counter, 'Do you keep any ice-creams here?' 'Yes,' sez he; 'how much will you have?' I considered a minute on't, and sez I, 'A pint, sir.' The young feller's face swelled out, an' he liked to larfed right out; but arter a while he asked, 'Did you say a pint, sir?' 'Sartin,' sez I, 'but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart.' Wal, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what it made me feel sorter pisen, and I gin him a look that made him look sober in about a minnit; an' when I clinched my fist an' lookt at him (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression of his countenance), he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a quart of it as perlite as could be. Wal, I tasted a mouthful of it, and found it as cool as the north side of Bethel Hill in Jannewary. I'd haf a mind tew spit it out, but jest then I see the confectionary chap grinnin' behind the door, which riz my dander. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white-livered monkey think I'm afeerd; I'll eat the darn'd stuff if it freezes my inards. I tell ye what, I'd rather skinned a bear, or whipped a wild-cat, but I went at it, and eat the hull in about a minnit. Wal, in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel rather gripy about here,' continued Ethan, pointing to the lower part of his stomach, 'an' kept on feelin' no better fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd a steam-ingine a sawin' shingles in me. I sot down in a cheer, an' bent myself up like a nut-cracker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I could'nt set still. I twisted and squirmed like a fish-worm on a hook, till at last the chap that gin me the cream, who had been lookin' an' snickerin,' sez to me, 'Mister, what ails you?'

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'Ails me?' sez I, 'that ar darned stuff of yours is freezin' up my daylights!'" Ethan required a great deal of "doctrin" before he was "set to rights" after eating the quart of ice-cream.




HYPOCRITES OF THE BLACKEST DYE.

A DANDY negro entered a stationer's shop, and with a consequential air inquired—"Hab you a few quires of letter paper, of de very best rate, for a gemman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how may will you have?" "I s'pose," said he, "my stay at de Spring may be about two or three weeks. Give me 'nough quires to write four letters."

## ELEGIAC POEM.

SCENE—ROCK ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI.

THE solemn news I now relate,
'Twas in Rock Island in this state,
A Boy was drowned in the Stream,
The son of Mr. Thompson. . .

Away from home this child did go,
it was on one holy Sabbath day,
he went on the Ice to Wash his Sled,
where he was numbered with the dead.

the ice gave way, the Boy Sunk down,
this little Son of high Renown;
the news quick to his Parents flew,
they for their Son then did pursue.

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"RING? OF COURSE I DID SIR—WHERE'S MY SHAVING WATER."

PRAYING FOR THE WRONG ORGAN.—Dr. Burchard was once called in to comfort a very sick old sinner, and during the interview proposed to pray for him. In the course of his supplication, he prayed that the sick man might be brought to see the error of his ways, and that he might have a "*new heart.*" At *this* point of the ceremony the invalid interposed: "Stop! stop! Dr. Burchard! You're all *wrong!* There ain't any thing the matter with my *heart;* that's all *right enough!* It's my *liver* that's ailin'!"

A NEWLY married couple, some years since, took up their abode in Poplar. At breakfast the next morning, the gentleman said to the lady, "My dear, this is Poplar, and by putting in *u* (you) it becomes *popular.*" "And by putting *us* in it," promptly replied the lady, "it will become *populous.*"

GENUINE IRISH RETORT.—At the Criminal Court, a few days since, a learned gentleman, dissatisfied at his success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. Paddy exclaimed, "I'm no lawyer, yer honor, and he wants to puzzle me." *Counsel*—"Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" *Witness*—"Faith, an' I do; and you may swear the same thing about yourself, without fear of being liable for parjury."

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## LOVE, LAGER AND DESPAIR.



RIVATELY Hans Von Rosenbaum stepped from the orgied halls of the Kinkel Lager Hans Zum Saus and Brus. Midnight veiled the heavens with infinite blackness. The foam of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the murmur of the eastern breeze mingled in his soul with the memories for "anoder pretzel!" and "pring in de lager!' and the trilling of harps and pianos—for it had been concert night.

"Kat-a-ri-na!" he cried from the bottom of his heart and voice—"Kat-a-ri-na! kom heraus!"

The breeze sighed in the leaves—the waves rippled—all was still.

Once more in agony arose that cry—"Kat-a-ri-na! kom heraus!"

Deep from the recesses of the second story window murmured an answer;

"*Nix kom heraus!*"

"Vot, you *vont* come out?" roared Hans in all the grief of rejected love. "Den you goes mit ter teufel and be dondered! Gotrhimmel kruzschockschwerenoth!"



REDSCID, OR WRETCHED, PASHA.

BARTER TRADE.—"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said his neighbor, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling

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most ferociously. "Matter!" said the old man; "I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "About ninepence." "Ninepence! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me, some time!"



PORTRAIT OF OUR "PRINTER'S DEVIL."

A CONDUCTOR USED AS A WARMING PAN.—A correspondent travelling out West, writes, that a few days ago, on arriving in the cars at Vincennes, Indiana, he found the train he expected to have connected with had already gone, and he therefore concluded to "put up" at the hotel for the night.

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The house was full of lodgers, but the landlord kindly offered to accommodate all who came along "with the best accommodations he had." The writer says: "While the landlord was showing me to my room, an old gentleman entered, and asked if he could have a room with a fire, saying he was very sick with the chills and fever, and must have a warm bed. The landlord told him he should have those articles—Yes, sir! In my room there were two beds, and one of them was occupied by a railroad conductor. But a few minutes elapsed after the landlord left me before he returned and called the conductor up, telling him it was nearly time for his train to leave. The conductor hurried down in great haste, but had hardly gone, when the landlord entered with the old gentleman shaking with the chills, and exclaiming, "Where's your fire, landlord? it's as cold as a barn here! I shall catch my death of cold!" "Oh!" replies the landlord, in the blandest voice imaginable, "I havn't a room in the house with a fire in it, but see what I have done! I have had the bed nicely warmed for you, so that you'll be as comfortable as if you had a fire, and it's much better for your health!" "Ah!" this does feel more like it," exclaims the old gentleman, putting his hands under the bed-clothes to feel the effect produced by the landlord's patent warming-pan, while that kind-hearted dispenser of comforts made his exit, leaving me to split my sides with laughter for the remainder of the night. The story was too good to keep, and therefore as the landlord made his appearance next morning, I pitched into him about it. Says he, "Keep mum, and I'll stand treat." "No you don't," I replied. "If your liquor is as bad as your house, you don't get any of it down my throat." And he didn't.

Love and Wood.—"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you! say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed——" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed——" and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia, "but go on with the pretty talk."

Mutual Conclusion.—A "fire-and-brimstone" preacher approached a mischievous boy about 12 years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him; "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

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## DEACON HEZEKIAH.

Oh, Hezekiah's a pious soul!
With his phiz as long as a hickory pole,
And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole
Of the gold in California;
There he sits, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew,
With his book in his hand, in his long-tailed blue,
And you'd better take care or he'll look you through,
With a glance that says, "I scorn ye."

He is very straight, and narrow, and tall,
From the crown to the hem of his over-all;
And he sings the psalm with a woful brawl,
And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying;
But when Monday comes, he is up with the sun,
His *religion* is over, his work begun,
And you'd think that there wasn't a world but one,
And he hadn't a thought of dying.

You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,
As he rushes and rattles and drives away,
As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"
And the widow a vinegar greeting;

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And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,
Nor tears nor petitions can make him relent,
Till he gets in his pocket each doubtful cent,
Though he wouldn't *be seen* a-cheating!

And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,
He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,
Nor care whom he robs of the last beef-steak,
Nor the last poor hope of fire;
But Hezekiah is pious, very!
For who in the world ever saw him merry?
And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,
And his voice, of itself, is a choir.

A SMOOTH-CHEEKED, long-faced, white-chokered witness, on a cross-examination, on being asked in court of what profession he was, nasally replied, "I am a candle of the Lord—an expounder of the Gospel." "Of what denomination?" "A Baptist," replied the witness. "Then," said the lawyer, "you are a *dipped*, but I trust not a *wick*-ed candle!"

## SNAIXS AND BUSTLES



TRAORDINARY.—The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye-witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of these reptiles:

Some time last summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the Eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.

Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed of an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes; and of those she had so great a dread that she scarcely dared to walk anywhere except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her

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of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of the fairy feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing, the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow. This intelligence caused many to shrink from her; but the ladies, for their honor be it told, determined not to leave her in her direful extremity.

They besought her not to relax her hold, as safety depended upon it, until some one could be found with courage enough to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies willing, however, to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of weeping and half-fainting females until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake before it would have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror awaiting the act of life or death; and at the moment the word three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical-looking bustle that was ever seen



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in Mississippi. The whole affair was then explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks and fainted—he did.

An exquisite who had ordered a pair of pants from his tailor, requested him to make them tight. The man tried them on after they were finished, and at once returned them with the complaint, "They are too small." "Did you not tell me to make them as tight as your skin?" said the tailor "Certainly I did," replied the dandy, "and I can sit down in my skin, *but I cannot in the pantaloons.*"



OTHELLO RELATING HIS ADVENTURES, AND TAKING A SIGHT AT BRABANTIO, WHICH DOSN'T SAY MUCH FOR HIS MANNERS—BUT OUR PICTURE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Don't Trouble your Beowels about Dianthy.—Chancing to visit the office of Alderman ——, the other day, we witnessed a hymeneal ceremony that will bear narrating.

The bridegroom was a weather-beaten countryman, a perfect picture of good nature, but so tall that in entering the portals of the office, an involuntary obeisance was necessary; while the artificial hollyhocks on the summit of the bride's bonnet, just touched the elbow of her expected lord. Their entrance was preceded by an urchin with dilapidated gar-

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ments, who claimed and received three coppers as his fee for guiding them to the spot.

"What can I do for you, my good friends?" asked the urbane Alderman, as if in utter ignorance of the object of their visit. "Pray, be seated, Madam."

"Well, 'Squire," answered the groom, with a complacent glance at the filagree breast-pin that fastened a dashing ribbon around the lady's neck, "old Mrs. Pettibone down to Lynn—you've hear'n tell of her, I reckon?"

"Well, really, I think—I hardly know—I guess not."

"Not heard of her, 'Squire! why she makes about the best punkin sass you ever put in yewr stummik, I reckon; slips deown jist as sleek as a greased cat crawlin' through a jint of stove-pipe."

"Very happy to be introduced to her, Sir; but don't let me interrupt you. Pray, proceed."

"Jes' so, jes' so. Well, old Mrs. Pettibone gin' me Dianthy, here, to git spliced to. She's a widder woman, and old Deacon Pettibone made ropes of money in the shoe-peg business when he was alive, and I larnt the business with him; so yew diskiver that nat'rally I liked the gal, and the old lady gin consent; so, ef yew'll pronounce the ceremony, your money's ready."

"So you wish to be married, eh?" queried the Alderman, willing to spend a few moment's leisure in conversation. "May I venture to ask what induced you to break through a bachelor's life?"

"Sartin, 'Squire; sartin. Yew see it's nat'ral. Who ever hear'n tell of a bachelor chippin' bird, or a bachelor bob-o-link? I reckon nobody has. And then, ain't *doublin'* kinder nat'ral? Ain't double roses, and double mornin'-glories, and double pinyes the pootyist, and don't everybody like 'em better than single ones. The amount on it is, nature teaches it, 'Squire, clear through the programmy, beginning with the robins and leaving off with the apple-blossoms."

"Very true, my good Sir; a very philosophical view of the subject. (Turning to the lady.) And you, Madam, have you given this subject the attention it merits?"

"Never mind her, 'Squire, just let me settle that air business; 'tain't no kinder use to trouble your beowels about Dianthy. Jest you fetch out yeour books and fire away."

The ceremony was soon performed. Our "Reform" Alderman has carried improvement even into that department of

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his duties—and a two dollar bill was duly placed in his palm by the newly-made husband. After he had congratulated the pair, and wished them success, Jonathan exclaimed:

"'Squire, you're a regular trump, you are; and if you ever come to Lynn you'll find a stoppin' place with me, and a rousin' welcome. But, 'Squire," and Jonathan, facetiously inserted his fore finger in the region of the Alderman's ribs. "I'm done with *one-horse bedsteads*, I am. Good-bye, 'Squire!"

DEAD MAIL.—"I say, Jake," said a Jack tar to his messmate, "what do you suppose they does with the dead copses on shore?" "Blast me, if I knows." "Vy, blow me, if they doesn't nail 'em up in boxes and direct 'em."

AS PAT UNDERSTOOD IT.—"Did ye vote yesterday, Michael?" "Sure an' I did, according to the instructions!" "An' what were the instructions?" "Didn't you hear them?—*vote early and often!*"

THE WAY HE NABBED HIM.—There is another pleasant little tale about Sir Allan MacNab. He was once travelling by steamer, and as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state-room along with a certain full-blooded Yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning; and while Sir Allan was dressing, he was astounded to behold his inquisitive companion make thorough researches into his (Sir Allan's) dressing-case. Having completed his examination, he proceeded, while the chieftain remained in petrified astonishment, coolly to select the tooth-brush, and therewith to bestow upon his long, yellow fangs an energetic scrubbing. Sir Allan said not a word, but "kept up a divil of a thinkin." When Jonathan had concluded, the old Scotchman gravely finished washing himself, silently set the basin on the floor, soaped one foot well, and taking the tooth-brush, applied it vigorously to his toes and toe-nails. "You dirty fellow," exclaimed the astonished Yankee, who had watched every motion, "what the mischief are you doing that for?" "Oh," said Sir Allan, coolly, "*That's the brush I always do that with!*"

WEEL, DAT BEET'S ALL.—Mr. Snowball, I want to ask you one question, dis ebenin."—"Well, succeed, den."—"'Spose you go to de tabbern to get dinner, and don't hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what should you say?"—"I

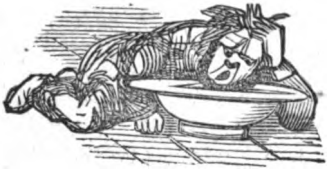
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gib dat up afore you ax it. What should you say?"—"Why, under the circumstances ob de case, I should say, *dat beet's all!*"



"SAMBO, can you tell me what difference there is between a Northern and a Southern man?" "No, bones." "Why, because the Northern man blacks his own boots, and the Southern man boots his own blacks."

A DARKEY on Staten Island, who pretends to have discovered a cure for hydrophobia, sports D. D. to his name. On being asked why he added these letters, he said: "Kase dat's right—dat's my name in full—Sam Poplar, D. D.—Dog Doctor."



OVER-REACHING HIMSELF.

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## FOUR QUESTIONS FOR A BACHELOR.

BABY crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee,"
Would you think it wasn't pretty?
Tell me, could you?
If you owned "the baby," would you?

Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby;
Wants some cash to make a "spec,"
And you would refuse her—may be.
Could you—should you?
If you owned "the woman," would you?

Little labor—little strife—
Little care—and little cot;
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?
If you owned "the cottage," would you?

Health and comfort—children fair—
Wife to meet you at the door—
Fond hearts throbbing for you there;
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you—could you?
If you owned "the ready," would you?

SHIP CONUNDRUMS.—"Talking of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, "can any of you tell when a ship may be said to be in love?" "I can tell, I can," snapped out little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned." "Just missed it," quoth old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?" "I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate." "Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open." "When she's a ship of great size (sighs)" modestly pronounced Mr. Smoothly. "When she's tender to a man-of-war," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot. "Every thing but correct," responded Hurricane. "When she's struck aback by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight. "Not as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along't!" "When she makes much of a fast sailer," cried Smashpipes. "You might have said 'When she

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hugs the wind,' or, 'When she runs down for a smack,' or, 'When she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—When she's attached to a buoy." "That's it, is it?" said Smash-pipes; "now, can some of you tell me when a ship is beloved?" "When the carpenter re-guards her," quoth Mister Karl. Here our party was called on deck.

HOUSEHOLD DEFINITIONS.—Home—the place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves.

Wife—the woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off.

Baby—the thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new hat.

Dinner—the meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens home to eat it, whether at twelve or half-past three.

Washing Day—the time when a woman can throw a broomstick at a thievish dog, or say "I won't" without being thought cross.

Trowsers—a disputed territory.



THE STATE OF LITERATURE IN CHINA.

THE TWO LEGS.—A young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish only that she knew by name; it was a safe one—it was a leg of mutton. So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress' order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it: at last she ventured to inquire "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change!"

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## I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed—the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said,
"For the darlingest little girl,"
I was glad! oh, yes; yet the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went;
And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump in his chaise,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid; but he coaxed and coaxed,
And he got me in at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
To my home his course he bent;
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled—
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper hue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent;
His whisper soft as the lullaby,
And—*now I know what it meant!*



SUPPORTING HIS CHILD.

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PAT'S MISTAKE.—A gentleman travelling down east, lately, in a one-horse wagon, chanced to stop at a small country tavern, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish hostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man "to take his horse to the stable and bait him." "Sure an' I will, yer honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good care, and accordingly ordered his team to the door. The horse was panting and trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?" "Only what yer honor ordered me." "He don't look as if he had had any thing to eat." "Is it ait your honor said?" "To be sure." "Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More betoken, yer honor tould me to bate the beast, and not to ait him!" "Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?" "Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with a hickory stick, and bate him till me arm was used out!"

BEING OUT—A RIGHT-HANDER BADLY INVESTED.



HANK you, I don't care if I do," said a fast young man, with a large pressed brick in his hat, as he surged up to the Indian that stands in front of Van Cott's tobacco store in Broadway, with a bunch of cast-iron cigars in his hand. "*I'll* take one—I smoke sometimes," and he reached out to take the proffered weed, but the Indian wouldn't give it up. He hung on to the cigars like grim death. "Look here, old copper-head," said the fast young man, "none of that, no tricks upon travellers, or there'll be a muss, you and I'll fall out, somebody'll get a punch in the head." The Indian said never a word, but held on to the cast-iron cigars. He was calm, dignified, unmoved as an Indian should be, looking his assailant straight in the face, and no muscle moving a single hair. "Yes! yes! look at me, old featherhead! I'm one of 'em, I'm around, I'm full weight, potato measure, heaped up," and he placed himself in a position, threw back his coat, and squared off for a



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fight. All the time *the Indian* said never a word, looked without the least alarm unwinkingly straight into the face of the fast young man, still holding out the cigars in a mighty friendly sort of a way. The young man was plucky, and just in a condition to resent any sort of an insult, or no sort of an insult at all. He was ready to "go in," but the calmness and imperturbability of the Indian rather cowed him, and he was disposed to reason the matter. "I'll take one," said he, "certainly; I said so before. I freeze to a good cigar; I'm one of the smokers. My father was one of the smokers, *he* was; one of the old sort, and *I'm* edition number two, revised and corrected, with notes, author's handwriting on the title-page, and copyright secured. Yes, *I'll* take one. All right, old red-skin, *I'll* take one." But the Indian said not a word, all the time looking straight in the face of the fast young man, and holding on to the cigars. "Look here, old gimlet-eye, I'm getting riled, my back's coming up, and you and I'll have a turn; smell of that, old copperhead," and he thrust his fist under the nose of the cast-iron Indian, who said not a word, moved not a muscle, but kept right on, looking straight into the face of the fast young man, as if not caring a fig for his threats, or taking in at all the odor of his fist. "Very well," said the fast young man, "I'm agreeable—I'm around; look to your ugly mug, old pumpkin-head;" and he let go a right-hander, square against the nose of the cast-iron Indian, who never moved an inch, nor stirred a muscle—looking with calm, unchanged dignity, as before, in the face of his enemy. "Hallo," cried the fast young man, in utter bewilderment, as he reeled back half-way across the sidewalk, with the blood dripping from his skinned knuckles, "Hallo! here's a go—here's an eye-opener—here's a thing to hunt for round a corner. I'm satisfied, old iron-face, *I* am. Enough said between gentlemen." Just then he caught sight of the tomahawk and scalping-knife in the belt of the savage, and his hair began to rise. The Indian seemed to be making up his mind to use them. "Hold on," cried the fast young man, as he dodged round the awning-post, "Hold on—none of that—I apologise—I squat—I knock under. Hold on, I say," he continued, as the Indian seemed to scowl with peculiar fierceness, "Hold on! Very well, I'm off—I've business down the street—people are home waiting for me—can't stay," and he bolted like a quarter horse down Broadway, and his cry of "hold on" died away as he vanished beyond the lamplights up Columbia street.

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LITTLE WOMEN.



*First Matron.*—"Has your doll had the measles, Amelia? Mine has."

*Second Matron.*—"No, dear. But it's been very fractious about its teeth, and I'm going to give it a little soothing powder."

THE "BODY" OF LIQUOR.—Murphy, the witty member of the London bar, at a dinner party, pushed a bottle of old port across the table to a distinguished Coroner, who smacked his lips over it most emphatically, and pronounced it very fine. "Ah," said the wag, "I thought you would like it, for there's a *body* in it."

FASHIONABLE BATHING.

OH! ye bachelors who live *in the interior*—you do not know what sport is. You never had the good luck, just as the sun is sinking in the West, to go into the foaming waves with a pretty cousin, who required, of course, all your sustaining power to breast the surge. No! you never had. Just think of it. You take her hand and put an arm around

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her waist, and you are prepared for the wave. Let it come. If you can stand it, well and good. If you are rolled over, *a la cirque*, in a series of somersaults, twitched here and there, tossed up on the beach and then dragged back again, and rise half drowned, but together—what better fun can there be? Your cousin believes in you for the time being; and if you should press her hand or her waist tightly—what matter? it is a necessary precaution. "Look like drowned rats," you say. Very well, sir; I give you over as a hard case.

## A YANKEE FARMER'S DOUBLE "SELL."



HERE was a party of consequential young college students, not far from Boston, regaling themselves one evening, at a village tavern where they were accustomed to meet for a frolic, when an old farmer entered and inquired if he could obtain lodging. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under his chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage.

The students inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected sympathy, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes respecting his farm, stock, &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Well, I don't belong to nothin' else, except Betsey," said the farmer.

"I suppose you would not tell a lie," said the student.

"Not for the price of that air cur, an' Betsey's weddin' gown, an' all the fixin's belongin' to it, to boot," said the farmer.

"Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents."

"He's worth twenty dollars to me. He pertects the house,

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and keeps the plaguey Shanghaes from roostin' on Betsey's clothes-line."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent upon having some capital fun with the old man, "now you say you won't tell a lie—let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for the dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not? Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting in numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer sat near, with his hat between his knees, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "There are twenty dollars, all in silver; I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the table, and then, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, and exclaimed:

"I won't take twenty dollars!—nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—considerin' he's got one broken leg from Betsey's brum-stick—he's your property."

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be wag that he was sold, and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good-naturedly acknowledged the beat.



"WEBSTER'S OUTLINES."

RELIGION AND WHALING.—*Zion's Herald*, a Methodist paper, in giving an account of a revival of religion on board a Pacific whale ship, remarks that "one man was hopefully converted at the mast-head, while looking out for whales."

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TRYING IT ON.—Burchard, the revivalist, was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this manner: "I am now going to pray, and I want all that desire to be prayed for to send up their names on a piece of paper."

On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names on whose behalf he was to "wrestle," as he said, "with the Almighty."

A pause ensued, when he said, "Send 'em up!" I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can for a dozen. Send 'em up. If you haven't any paper, get up and name the friend you would have prayed for."

At this stage of the proceedings, a stalwart man of six feet and a-half in stockings, a notorious unbeliever, and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amidst the winks, and becks, and smiles of the auditory, said:

"Mr. Burchard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson."

The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement produced in the audience, that Oziel was a "hard case."

"What is your name, sir? And who is Mr. Thompson."

"It's *Jim* Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public-house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift."

"But," said Mr. Burchard, "have you any faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the petition?"

"That's n'ither here nor there," responded Oziel. "*I want you to try it on him!*"

THE IMPUDENT PUPPY.—"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a drug-store. "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, thinking he had got a customer. "Then I wish you would re-tail my dog—he had it bitten off about a month ago." And greeny strolled down the street, with one eye closed.

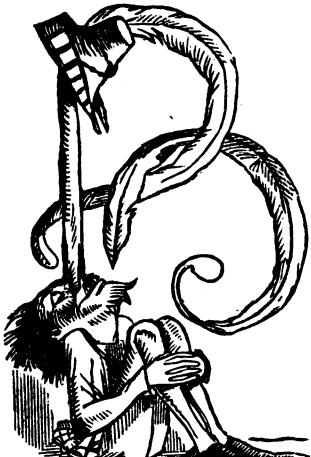
EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.—A jolly old darkey out South bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining, he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied, "De hat's mine; bought him wid my own money; head 'longs to massa, let him take keer he own property. Yah, ya—h!"

THE PRESS, PULPIT AND PETTICOATS.—At a late meeting,

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the following "dry" toast was given:—"The Press—the Pulpit—and Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads considerably."

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.



BOYS, I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Colonel D. was asked if he was ready.

"No," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Colonel D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing broke up the fight. Colonel D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the colonel after that fact.

A NEW KIND OF KNAPSACK.—A gentleman asked a mock-modest young lady named Knapp, who was sewing upon a chemise, "What are you making, Miss Knapp?" She hesitated, blushed, and then replied—"Knapp-sacks, sir—te, he, he!"

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DARK DEALINGS BY A PARTY OF BLACK-LEGS.

## THE ALARM BELL.

A soldier stood on the rampart's height,
Beneath a sullen sky,
And by his side a lady bright:
What do they there on high?

They look upon the lake beneath;
Dark rolls the foamy tide,
Hoarse murmurs near the storm-king's breath,
Frighting that fair young bride.

The night's dark wing, like a spell hath bound
That youth and lady fair,
When, hark! a shrill and clanging sound
Breaks on the silence there.

And now they start—the hour has come,
Their lonely vigils o'er;
She has left his side, their dream is past,
The storm affrights no more.

Would'st know what sound could have the power
From its charm, as by a spell,
To startle them thus in that dark hour?
It was—*the supper bell!*

Poetry and Prose.—An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz.: "Oh!

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Give Me a Cot in the Valley I Love!" Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my *choice, I should ask for a bedstead!*"

WHETTING HIS WEAPONS.—An Irish "Biddy" housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, replied Biddy, "he is just sharpening his teeth."

A DOUBLE WIFE.—A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied:—"Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but dash me if she is'nt twice as much as I. I'm only a Tar, and she's a Tar-tar!"

MONSIEUR KENTUCK, DE MAN VAT PLAY ON DE JACKASS!



UNNY INCIDENT.—On board the steamer Indiana, on one of her trips down the Mississippi, there happened to be on board a Hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to New Orleans, and he had provided himself with an old fiddle, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man, and planting himself where he would attract notice, scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers. A Frenchman of very delicate nerves and a very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted, and swore at the fiddle. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, but it was no go; he swore he "would music just as long as he pleased." At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him." Placing himself by the fiddler, he commenced braying with all his might. The effect of this move was beyond description. Old Kaintuck brayed so loud that he drowned the screechings of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers the discomfited Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory with the Kentuckian, and his imitation of Ba-

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laam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning, after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormentor. Hoosier had discovered the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Louder and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound rose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted, "Vare is he? Vare is he? Queeck! queeck! Mon Dieu! vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man vat play on de jackass!"

A YOUNG DEITY.—At the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, at Moscow, an enthusiastic admirer of the Czar was repeatedly saying to a stranger, "The Czar is great." "Yes," was the reply, "but God is greater." "Ah!" exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is young yet!"



TAKING IT COOLLY.

STEAM WIT.—At a recent railway festival in Cleveland, in honor of Mr. John Durand, the following striking sentiment was given:

"*Our Mothers*—The only faithful *tenders* who never misplaced a *switch*."

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MEMORY.—A late writer says that every created thing has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear hunt, is as cautious of Bruin's teeth, as an old broker is of suspicious stocks, and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being *bitten* in a previous transaction.

OLD HOSS, YOU'RE TOO LATE!—This is a great country for jokes, and we have just heard one that is too good to keep. Early this morning there were added to our company of travellers a pair who looked very like runaways; the gentleman a tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half horse, half alligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon is a solemn-looking gentleman, who has all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him, remarked: "We are going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied, laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, where, sure enough, the couple stood waiting. There had been several "kissing games" and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so thought the preacher, who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him—a good deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage, I thought—and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions; and then, proceeding in the usual way, announced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over I left the cabin and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see young folks enjoying themselves, and took a good deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun—but he did not understand why they selected him to act as preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I returned, the door stood open, and the "preacher" stood just inside, with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked: "Well, if that's the case, it *is* a good joke, for they are in dead earnest, and are gone to the same state-room." The old gentleman raised

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both hands, as he exclaimed: "Good heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced an assault on the door, as if he would break it down, exclaiming, at each lick:

"For heaven's sake don't! I aint a preacher!"

The whole cabin was aroused. Every state-room flying open with a slam, when the door opened, and the "Arkansas traveller," poking out his head, coolly remarked:

"Old hoss, you're too late!"



*Nurse.* "DRAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK?—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY."

QUICK CURE.—Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear that you were only joking.

PUZZLED BY THE SOUND.—A lady occupying room letter B, at one of our hotels, wrote on the slate as follows:—"Wake letter B at seven, and if letter B says, 'let us be,' don't let us be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B, or "let her be."

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OUTRAGE UPON STRANGERS.—A few nights since, says the Troy *Budget*, a well-dressed man, apparently a stranger in that locality, sauntered into the watch-house and called for a glass of brandy.

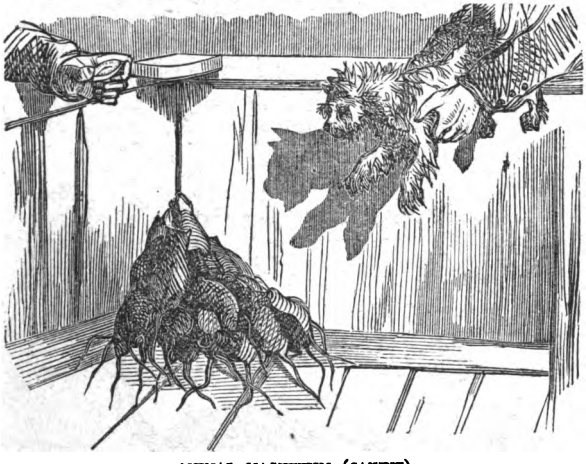
"Don't keep it here," remarked the roundsman; "you'll have to go to some place else if you want brandy."

The stranger walked towards the official, and, with a nod and a wink, gave him to understand that if he sold him some brandy, he need not fear exposure or prosecution on account of the prohibitory law.

"I tell you we don't sell brandy here," reiterated the roundsman, in a vehement tone.

"Don't sell any brandy," remarked the stranger, looking curiously around the room, and walking with an air of suspicion towards the door; "don't sell any brandy! *what in h— do you want to keep open so late for, then?*"

Soon after, the indignant stranger left the watch-house for more congenial quarters.



ANIMAL MAGNETISM (CANINE).

EQUESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—A correspondent of *Life Illustrated* gives the following as a portion of the experience of a Cadet at West Point:

When I came back from furlough, my class had ridden for a year, I only for a week or two. Nothing daunted, how-

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ever, by this, and blindly trusting to fortune and my own powers, I buckled on a pair of rusty spurs, bound myself securely to an enormous sabre with a ponderous iron scabbard, and sallied forth. Dragoon brought me a raw-boned, vicious looking animal, which, after some preliminary difficulties, I succeeded in mounting.

"Trot!" Horse started; so did I, half off my saddle. I had never been taught to keep my heels well out, and accordingly my spurs went in. Horse "went in," too. Motion peculiar. Began to think I was losing my balance. Sabre flew out and hit the horse on the head. In plunged my spurs deep among his ribs. Another jump. Sabre flew back and hit him on the flanks. Spurs worked convulsively among his bones—jump, thump, spur! Horse reared; seized his mane: kicked up; caught his ear and saved myself. It began to grow exciting. Finally horse started off. Such a a race! Pulling on the mane had no tendency to check his mad career; rather seemed to irritate him. Had a good hold with the spurs, but did not consider myself perfectly safe. Sabre flew up and hit me in the face. Blind for a moment, and I heard something drop. Looked up into the saddle and saw I was not there. Concluded it must be *me* on the ground. Horse standing near, eating grass, and looking at me with a quiet twinkle in his eye, adding insult to injury.

THE OWL.—A writer in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* suggests that in all probability the bird of wisdom, called owl, was intended to be called howl; but the first cockney who 'eard 'im 'oot got hexasperated and dropped the haitch.



ANIMAL MAGNETISM (FELINE.)

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A CHUNK OF DUTCH WISDOM.—"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Yaw," was the reply. "I know de reason for dat—mine moder vos a voman!"

THE wife of a colonel, at a review in Dublin, was stopped by an Irish sentry, when, with a haughty toss of the head, she informed him that she was the colonel's lady. "Be jabers, ma'm," replied simple Pat, "if you were his own wife you couldn't pass."

A DRUNKEN man was recently trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. He complained that an ill-looking scoundrel was following him.

"THOU art a little bear, madam," said a quaker to a fashionable belle at an evening party. "Sir!" exclaimed the dismayed fair one. "About the shoulders, I mean," smilingly replied broadbrim.

WHY is a chair like a fashionable lady's dress? Ans.—Because it is *sat in.*



ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—NERVOUS CRISIS ARISING FROM BEING IMPROPERLY AWAKENED FROM A MAGNETIC TRANCE.

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A PAPER asks, very innocently, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the *lapse* of ages. Another replies, that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from eighteen to twenty-five it puts down as extra hazardous.

THE EDITOR of the Buffalo *Republic* went to walk with a fashionably dressed lady the other day, and could not get within nine feet of her person, on account of the circumroundaboutiveness of her extensive hoopery.

"IT is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it is Sunday." "I know it, Mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday-school that I am playing."

AN APPEAL TO THE KIND SYMMETRIE OF OUR MORAL NATURE.

NOT SO ELOQUENT BUT TO THE POINT.—"Gentlemen of the jury (said a western lawyer), It is with feelings of no ordinary communion that I rise to defend my injured client from the attacks that have been made on his hithertofore unapproachable character. I feel, gentlemen, that though a good deal smarter than any of you, even the judge himself, yet I am utterly incompetent to present this case in the magnanimous and heart-rending light which its importance demands; and I trust, gentlemen, that whatever I may lack in presenting the subject, will be immediately made up by your own natural good sense and discernment, if you have got any.

"The counsel for the prosecution, gentlemen, will undoubtedly attempt to heave dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is preëminently a man of function—that he is a man of undoubted and implicably veracity—that he is a man who would scorn to fotch an action against another merely to gratify his own personal corporosity; but, gentlemen, let me cautionate you how to rely upon such specious reasoning like this. I, myself, apprehend that this suit has been wilfully and maliciously focht, gentlemen, for the sole and only purpose of brow-beating my client here, and in an eminent manner grinding the face of the poor; and I apprehend, also, that if you could but look into that man's heart, and read there the motives that have impelled him to fotch this suit, such a picture of moral turpentine, and heart-felt ingratitude would be brought to light, as has never before been exhibited since the Falls of Niagara.

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"Now, gentlemen, I want to make a brilliant appeal to the kind symmetries of your nature, and see if I can't warp your judgments a little in favor of my unfortunate client here, and then I shall fotch my argument to a close. Here is a poor man, with a numerous wife and child, depending upon him for their daily bread and butter, wantonly fotcht up here, and arranged before an intellectual jury on the charge of ignominiously hooking, yes, hooking, six quarts of new cider. You, gentlemen, have all been placed in the same situation, and you know how to feel for the misfortunes of my client; and I humbly calculate that you will not permit the gushing of your symperthizing hearts to be squenched in the bud by the surruptions and superogating arguments of my ignorant opponent on the other side.

"The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fotch him in innocence. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you have been done by; but if, on the other hand, you disregard this great principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fotch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be pretty apt to light on you some of these nights, as my cat lights on a sassar of new milk."

Too Well Taught.—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-ticket for the theatre to the house of a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had of course been told, in giving the answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady. Did you see *him*?" asked the gentleman, giving him the cue. "Yes, sir," replied the servant; "*he* said *he'd* go with a great deal of pleasure, and that *he'd* wait for you, sir." "What was he doing?" asked the wife, carelessly. "Putting on his bonnet and shawl, ma'am," said the idiot.

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ANIMAL MAGNETISM!—A PERFECT STATE OF CATALEPSY.

SPEECH OF THE MAN WITH A COLD IN HIS "DOSE."—Among the speeches reported at the Sebastopol Banquet, lately given in Buffalo, we find the following: "BISTER BRESIDEN': Although we wer' nod the firdst to pladt the British flag od the wadls of Sebastopold. [Long pause.] Nod thad I wish to dedract frob the British (hic) Russiad (hic) Americad (hic) no, *Fredch*, I mean. [Another long pause.] I mean." [Cries of "sit down," "sit down,"] and he did.

A FRENCH nobleman, suspecting another was trying to supplant him in the affections of a lady, sent him a challenge, which the latter, with a view to some testamentary arrangements, wished to defer till next day. This the former flatly refused. "I will fight," said he "immediately. I only fight because I love the young lady now; how do I know I shall love her to-morrow?"

A LADY, making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly, his *appetite* is very poor, but his *drinkatite* is as good as ever."

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COMING OFF WITH A CLAW (ECLAT).

A SCHOOLMASTER MUCH WANTED.—The following advertisement in the *Bangor Jeffersonian*, speaks well for the "eddycation" in Holestown, a town on the borders of Maine, celebrated as the residence of a distinguished school director or two:

"*Notise! ! !—Teachir Wantid.*—The scule in Holestown, bein out of a proceptor (the last one havin been discharged fur want of incompetiveness) Noe wun nede aply without tha have the follerin kwalliferkasun, to whit:—Tha must not be agin the moderight use of licker, koz zum of the skowlers air eddocated to be licker dealer. Naw we dont noboddi witch belongs to no church seen as how that wood pregerdis the mines of the children as menny up here dont bleeve no sutch thing. He must produce satisfacturre evidens that he is agin all fannytic aberlishernests wich hev soe oftin destroyed and dizzolve ower glorious unun. Rytin must be tort, and outher hyer branchiz.

Pose Script.—It is expected that the teacher will git his health inchoored, in ordere that there ma bee noe interrupshans ov the skule.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.—"Mrs. Briggs," said a neighbor, who stepped into the house of the former, just as she was in the act of seating herself at the dinner-table, with her twelve children, "have you heard of the dreadful accident?" "Why, no—what is it?" "Your husband has fallen from his wagon, and is killed." "Is it possible? Well, just wait until we finish our dinner, and then you'll hear the biggest kind of crying!"

"MR. SMITH, you said you boarded at the Astor House six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

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## TO A GINNY-FOWL

*That comes and squawks under my winder periodikly and makes me mad exceedinkly.*

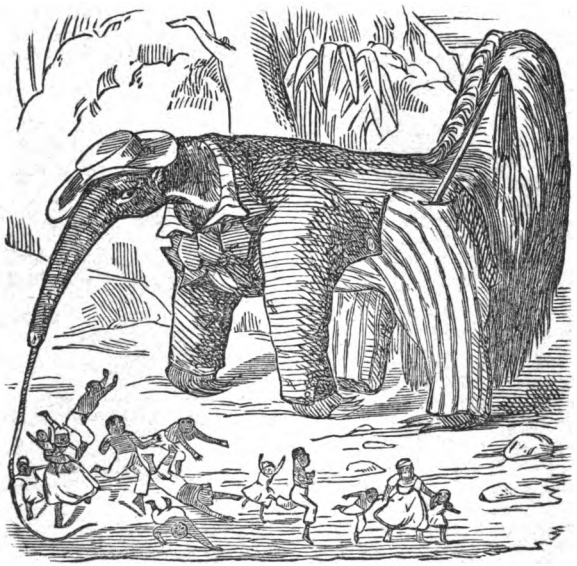


SAY! you missuble speckled critter, you!
What'n thunder 're you squawking about?
Does anythink hurt you bad? Or do you squawk
That way in Ginny, where you come from,
And so squawks now from educational pregudice?
What'n mischief do you pull your homely head
Out'n from under your wing and squawk for?
What's under your wing to make you squawk,
You speckled "cuss?"
Somethink offensive, I reck'n, elsewise
You'd keep it there, for it looks better hid.
What do you get on the fence and squawk for?
Do you see anythink alarmink, you white-gilled,
Speckle-feathered, squawking fool!
How do you spose a feller can read or rite,
Or sleep, or live, you discordant old busted
Brass French-horn, with all the keys open
And the mouth-piece cracked?
I wish I could pizen you, you everlastin' perpetual squawking machine!
What're you thinking about?—home?—
You rascally epitome of a Ginny war gong,
A Congo tum tum and conch-shell,
And a down-east village brass band!
Dry up! you speckled parody of a machine shop!
Do you think that's music, you outrageous vocal atrocity?
You boiler-maker's exacerbated echo!
You squawking abstract of Pandemonium,
Do you think a feller can afford to furnish boot-jacks
And so forth, to chunck you with daily, dog you?
Maybe you think its funny, you speckled pagan of Afrikin extraction!
Is your squawking sass? or are you 'feared of me, say?
You brazen-throated, sheet-iron lunged culmination
Of foul creation! Here's my blackin' brush at you!

A FORGETFUL ORATOR.—The Medina (New York) *Tribune* says that a Know-Nothing of Lodge 202, a few evenings since, lashed himself into a terrible fury against William H. Seward. "Seward," said he, "is a scoundrel, a villain, a traitor; he's in league with the Pope, he's no American; he's as treacherous as—as—" (the speaker scratched his head)—"as treacherous as—*gentlemen, what was that feller's name that betrayed Christ?*"

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A PUNSTER at the point of death being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying he feared it might lay on his stomach.



THE GREAT AMERICAN ANT-EATER.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A friend just returned from abroad, says he once found two Austrian custom-officers endeavoring to make out his name from his travelling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They had got it "Mr. Varanti Soleyzier." The trunk was marked "Warranted sole-leather."

A YOUNG money broker having married a fat old widow with $100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the *figure*.

SOME of the papers are describing a new counterfeit bank note as having for its vignette "a female with a *rake* in her lap."

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INFORMATION OBTAINED.—A man in San Francisco named Pulaski Jacks, had his name painted on a big sheet of tin, and hung up at the door of his shop. One day a sucker from Illinois walked in and wished to "take a look at them new-fangled things." "What things?" "Why, them Pulaski Jacks." "That's my name! Pulaski Jacks; don't you see?" "Is it? well, I'll be darned if I knowed it. I didn't know whether it meant boot-jacks or jack-asses."



MR. SPINDLESHANK, BEFORE TAKING PROFESSOR FLEECEM'S "CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF CAT KIDNEY OIL."



MR. SPINDLESHANK, AFTER TAKING A DOZEN BOTTLES OF THE PROFESSOR'S CONCENTRATED, &C.

UNSETTLED NERVES.—An excited gentleman once announced to the Connecticut Legislature, a steamboat explosion, as follows: "Sister Meeker, and ledges of the membrislature, the Elliver Ollsworth has biled her buster."

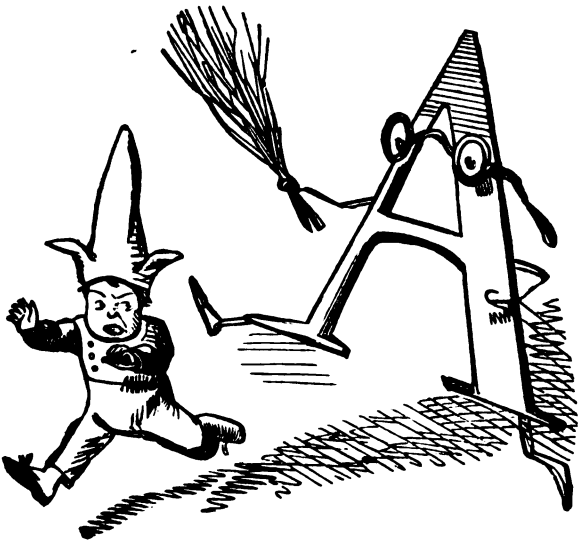
THE most original spelling we have ever seen is the following:— 80 you be—a tub; 80 oh! pea—a top; be 80—bat; see 80—cat; pe 80—pat; are 80—rat; see a bee—cab; be you double tea—butt; be a double ell—ball.

A NEWSPAPER in Cleveland having advertised that they would send a copy of their paper, gratis, for one year to the person sending them a club of ten, received the *ten spot of clubs* from a young lady in the country.

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AT a recent jollification at Galena, Illinois, John Smith gave the following pithy toast:—*The two Declarations*—the Declaration of *Independence*, whereby we gained our liberty, and the Declaration of *Love*, whereby we lost it.

"WHY don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorstep. "Coz he sends *me* to take it," answered the impudent urchin.



VISIT TO A WESTERN SCHOOL.

SCHOOLMASTER: "First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Thibblets, what is life?" "Life consists of money, a hoss, and a fashionable wife." "Next, what is death?" "A paymaster who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstones as receipts in full of all demands." "What is poverty?" "The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public." "What is religion?" "Doing unto others as you please without allowing them a return of the compliment." "What is fame?" "A six-line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead."

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"Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here, and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?" "It is the rain, sir." "Why do not men grow?" "Because they carry umbrellas, which keep off the rain." "What makes a young man and woman fall in love?" "Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other a heart of flint, and when they come together they strike fire, and that is love." "That's right, my boy. Now go and plague the gals.'

First Class in Bible History.—Schoolmaster: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet; now answer me, Who was the father of these gentlemen?" (Boys silent.) "You cannot tell? Well, now, let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes, who lives over the way?" Boys: "Will Sparkes?" "Yes, surely. Well, then, Master Sparkes has got three boys, Tommy, John and Bill. Now, who was the father of these boys? you know them very well." Boys: "Master Sparkes." "Very good, very good, boys, indeed: that is quite right. Now, then, Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet; who ——" Boys, in a hurry: "Mr. Sparkes!"

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" "Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!"

Schoolmaster: "Dobbs, what do you think of David's killing Goliah with so simple a weapon as a sling?" Dobbs: "Well, I don't know what David thought, but I guess Goliah was astonished when he found himself killed by a stone, *as such a thing never entered his head before!*" "Good boy; now will you tell me who made you? you know I told you the other day, don't you?" "Yes, sir; but I swow I've forgot the gentleman's name."

Class in Mythology.—Jupiter and Juno were husband and wife, as you all know, my children. But Juno once had a little boy called Mars, of whom Jupiter could not claim the paternity. Now, my children, why was he called Mars? Don't all speak at once.

*Small boy (after some cogitation)*—Because he was none of *pa's*.

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## GEOGRAPHY CLASS.




DIVISIONS OF THE EARTH.

I want you to explain the points of the compass.

Bobby, what is the highest latitude known?" "The highest latitude known is that which Bill Jones allows to his feelings when waltzing with our Kate."

"Now, what is before you, John? "The north, sir." "And what behind you, Tommy?" "My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse.

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, on what continent—the Eastern or Western?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the Eastern continent, but the people all of 'em are down South."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"By drawing what—water?"

"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Come here, sonny, and tell me what the four seasons are?" "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what ma seasons with."

Joseph was ordered to sit down.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE ALPHABET.—Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees. Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas. Which are the most fond of com-



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fort? The Ease. Which are the most egotistical letters? The I's. Which are the longest letters? The Ells. Which are the noisy letters? The Ohs. Which are the eatable letters? The Peas. Which are the greatest bores? The Tease. Which are the sensible letters? The Wise.

### A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.

On Industry.—It is bad for a man to be *idol*. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. The End.

On the Seasons.—There are four seasons,—spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The End.

A very small boy was asked to define the meaning of the word "progress." He hesitated but a moment, and then, in a clear voice, answered, "Go ahead!"

A Schoolmaster asked one of his boys, in a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitating a little, when the master said, "What, sirrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I have it at my *finger ends*."

Practical Science.—*Grandmamma*—Well, Charley, and what have you been learning, to-day? *Charley*—Pneumatics, Gran'ma!—and I can tell you such a dodge!—if I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as Grandpapa's head!

Fate of the Lost Pet.—*Charles*—Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him? *Clara*—Yes, yes, the poor little dear; have you seen him? *Charles*—Not exactly—but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage.

A western publisher lately gave notice, that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it. Better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor."

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## THOUGHTS LYING ON THE SAND.



DVERSITY brings to light many a hidden beauty. It is like a handsome leg revealed for the first time on a showery day.

The charms that Fashion lends to women would be considered positive defects if Nature had given them.

We are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill-luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

We fancy we are becoming wiser, as we grow older, when it is simply our incapacity to commit the same follies as when we were young.

Envy lashes principally the fortunate. It is like the ragamuffins in the street, who cry out, "Whip behind!" directly they see one of their comrades who has got a lift.

To appreciate a free country, you must travel in a despotic state. It is like coming into the open air after visiting a prison.

A critic is always more feared than loved.

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When you're beaten, fairly beaten, say it's treachery.

To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception.

Those who fancy that money can do everything, are generally prepared to do everything for money.

Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of man.

Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.

Experience is a flannel waistcoat, that we do not think of putting on, until after we have caught cold.

Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "A Knave or a Fool?" The majority would be at least 2 to 1 in favor of the Knaves.

All is sugar to the vain, even the praise of fools.

The Man of Honor makes no vow, but acts as if he had made one.

To the Epicure, "living well" means "good living."

Shame of Poverty is almost as bad as Pride of Wealth.

A man must feel his own strength, before he can make an impression with it upon others.

Envy is a glutton that is never at a loss for a meal, and a glutton, too, that let it feed as grossly as it will, is sure to leave off with an appetite, and ready to begin again.

One may show tremendous courage for another, and yet be a great coward for one's self—as you will frequently see a man put his name to a bill for a friend, who would not, on any consideration, do it for himself.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

Vanity is mental dram drinking.

When parents spoil their children, it is less to please them than to please themselves. It is the egotism of parental love.

"WHAT is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," said a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots!"

A WESTERN editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons, applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets?

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"BENT UPON STARVATION."

## MY WIFE'S RELATION.

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of your's in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah! yes, a relation—*by marriage!*"

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him *Yell Oh!*



THE END OF A QUR-IOUS TALE.

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It is supposed that the first person who had the itch was the devil—hence his title, "The Old Scratch."



FRIGHTFUL AND BARBER-OUS PROPOSITION.—"SHALL I TRIM YOUR MOUSTACHES, JUST THE LEAST BIT?"

## PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.

The following paragraph is an illustration of the importance of punctuation, which some writers wofully neglect, and when they do undertake it, bungle it in an awful manner. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem, and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution :—

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he

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is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathens he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to *Heaven* he must go where he will receive the just recompense of *reward.*

FIRST EXPERIENCE.—A very intelligent youth tells the following incident of his experience in America:

I came to this country several years ago, and, as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, the cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c. were kept, and then sent me in to my supper. After supper he said to me:

"James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn *in the ear.*"

I went out and walked about, thinking what could he mean; had I understood him? I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up—

"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn *in the ear.*"

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be?

I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country.

Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more.

"Please sir, you bid me give the cow some corn *in the ear*, but didn't you mean the *mouth?*"

He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

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A LADY was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman; "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."



LD BACHELORS.—Is there an individual belonging to this dried up institution, that can lay his hand on his heart and say he is answering the end for which he was got up? Is there one of them that supposes he was created for the purpose of using up woollen manufactures, tobacco, cigars, tailors and livery stable keepers? If he does, he is soulless; and when he dies will simply be annihilated, rot into dust, and turn in time as part of the soil of a cabbage orchard. Man's destiny is to govern—to rule—to command—to add to the numerical strength of his district, as much as circumstances and good health will allow him; and it is an undisputed fact, that every great man has, in the midst of his greatness, a part of his time devoted to the culture of a wife, to the tending of babies, and to the study of medicine, as far as the diseases of young children are concerned. So, ye bachelors—ye that have not withered into sapless, sinewless, hopeless selfishness—brush up the charms of mind and person that are wasting and fading, and make one grand attempt for blissful days, comfortable nights, posterity, and an honest future.

THE old adage, that "you should not count your chickens before they are hatched," has thus been rendered by a professor of etiquette: "The producers of poultry should postpone the census of their juvenile fowls, until the period of incubation is fully accomplished."

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GOING OUT OF CHURCH.

I see them rushing out
In wild tumultuous rout,
And I ask what it's about
Of one near;
Is the dinner hour nigh,
Or a constable near by,
That thus they wildly fly
Out of here?

Then he answers with a grin,
And he looks as sly as sin,
As he points his thumb within—
"'T isn't that:
But the minister has said
That money's to be paid,
And the people, sore afraid,
Dodge the hat."

Unfilial Wish of a Medical Student.—Oh that my father were seized with a *remittent* fever!

"I say, friend, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman in Kentucky of a boy he met. "Wal," was the reply, "nothing just about here stranger, but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

"Landlord, I tell you what—this wine is too dear." "Too dear! My friend, do you know what the addition really is which I make to this wine?" "I 'spose about a half pint of water to a bottle."

A Deaf and Dumb Marriage.—Two deaf mutes, named George M. Baker and Amanda M. Bugbee, were married a few days since, at Albany. They appeared very happy, although they "never told their love."

Dobb, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on "tracing paper," and wedding notices on "fool's-cap."

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer—careless fellow—left out the "which;" so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

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## THE HOOSIER'S HANDKERCHIEF.



THE *Charivari*, a witty paper published in New Orleans, describes the following funny auction scene:—"Gentlemen, I am offering you a bargain," cried an uptown auctioneer, the other evening, to a crowd, the most of whom were country people. "This handkerchief is a regular pongee, and can't be purchased in a store for less than two dollars and a half, and here I've only two bitts bid. It's a shame, gentlemen, to sacrifice goods in this way." Here one of the crowd, a strapping young Hoosier, "blew his horn," and in doing so managed to dispense with the article which was being offered for sale. The auctioneer observing this, took it for a favorable omen, and fixing his eyes on the young Hoosier, asked: "Did you blow your nose, sir?" This, of course, attracted all eyes to the individual, but he, not abashed, replied, "Wal, I reckon I did." "And didn't use a handkerchief?" This query caused a roar of laughter, for auctioneers such as this one, always manage to impress their audience that everything they say is witty. The young Hoosier, however, not in the least disconcerted, replied: "I reckon I didn't." "Now, gentlemen, do you hear that?" cried the auctioneer. "A pongee like this going off at two bitts, a man in the house got nothing to blow his nose on, and won't bid on it. (Laughter.) I can't imagine what neck of woods the animal came from. (Laughter.) Probably from that place where the men are so stingy that they load their rifles with pebbles instead of bullets." (Boisterous laughter.) "I say, stranger," cried the young Hoosier, quite animated, "did you ever hear of Dick Thompson?" "No," replied the auctioneer, winking to the crowd. "So I reckoned," continued the Hoosier. "He

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lives down our way, and is counted not over cute. He cum to town wunst, an' right in here bought one of yer ponger han'kerchiefs, and what do you think he said about it?" "Praised it, no doubt," replied the auctioneer. "Over the left," said the Hoosier. "Though he's got a little snub nose, not nigh as big as yours, the first time he tried the han'kerchief he blowed nineteen holes in it, and ever since that ere time *he's used his coat-tail!*" The laugh was now upon the auctioneer, and not only that, but finding himself unable to get another bid, he soon dismissed his audience until the next evening.



ASTONISHING SPECTACLE.

"WELL, Alick, how's your brother Ike getting along?" "Oh, first rate, he's got a good start in the world—married a widow who has seven children."

"MIKE, why don't you fire at those ducks, boy—don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I have, but when I get a good aim at one, two or three will swim right up 'twixt it and me."

A PLAIN ANSWER.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, the eminent pulpit orator of this city, on being asked what his object was in lecturing so extensively, replied: "I lecture for *F-A-M-E*, which is the short for *fifty and my expenses.*"

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Mr. MUGGINS having heard that "burglars were around," is drying his gunpowder (which has become slightly damp with the recent heavy rains) to give them (the aforesaid burglars) a warm reception. A *manifestation* may be looked for at any moment.

A FASHIONABLE lady at a watering place had a favorite lapdog, which she called *Perchance*. "A singular name for your beautiful pet, madam; where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, most exquisitely, "it was named for Byron's dog. You remember where he speaks of it, and says, 'Perchance, my dog will howl.'"

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A NEGRO woman, soon after having experienced religion, stole a goose to make merry with her consort from a neighboring plantation. Of course she was whipped for the good of others as well as of herself. Soon after the circumstance, a communion was to take place in the neighborhood, and Dinah prepared to go. Her mistress remonstrated with her, and mentioned the goose affair as a sufficient reason for her not to offer herself on such a holy occasion; to which she replied, "Lor, Missus, I ain't gwine to turn my back on my bressed Massa for *no old goose!*"

AN INDIAN COMPARISON.—Black Hawk, when asked how much he weighed, replied, "As I am I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, but when I am mad I weigh a ton."

WHAT A BACHELOR SAW.—A Paris letter-writer gives the following:—An old bachelor, whose only enjoyment at a ball consists in eyeing the dancers, approached a young female friend, after a somewhat rapid polka, and whispered, "I have seen *them*, *they* are blue." The lady blushed, understanding that the gentleman was speaking of that part of her dress which has furnished to the English nation a high order of chivalry, and the suitable motto, "Evil be to him that evil thinks"—in short, as Micawber would say, her garters.

"ARE you fond of novels?" said Mrs. Jones.—"Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady-questioner a lover of literature.—"Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Ten Thousand a Year?"—"No, madam," said Jones, "I never read so many in all my life."

THE EYES THAT RUIN—Dr. Franklin said:—"The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture."

A WRITER, speaking of the culinary nicety of the French, relieves himself of the following:—

Full many a fruit of purest juice serene,
The dark unfathom'd woods of Gallia bear:
Full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen,
And wastes its ketchup on the desert air.

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*Young America.*—DEAREST ANGELINA, WILL YOU BE MINE, AND SHARE MY LOT?"
*Angelina.*—"WELL, DEAR CHARLIE, BEFORE I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, I MUST FIRST KNOW THE SIZE OF YOUR LOT!"

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot in it, as only half perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other titles are given them; while, on the other hand, they extol their state as one of such perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply, that they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters?—invited to tea and to evening

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parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave?—his widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and get's married again, she does. Who goes to bed early, because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby when he turns out in the morning? The married man. Who has the wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man. Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well; but he that marries not does better."

LUCY STONE said, in a recent speech, "We know there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosom of women." It is suggested that Lucy meant to say, "Let us look for hope in the eyes of men; we know there is cotton in the bosoms of women."

A GRAMMATICAL NEGRO.—In a case in the Court of Common Pleas in Boston, a short time since, it became necessary to prove the signature of one James Turner. To do this, the counsel called for John Wright, a man as black as night, and withal a little tight, who in a sad plight took his place on the stand, and showing the whites of his eyes, and a pure set of ivory, waited for the questions. Counsel—"Did you ever see Brown *write?*" John Wright replies: "Oh, yes-ur, nummer o' times." Counsel (highly elated)—"Well, how does that look?" showing Brown's supposed signature. Mr. Wright holds up both hands, and exclaims: "Oh, I knows nuffin' 'bout *dat*, Sur; I tho't you axes me, "Did you ever see *Brown*, Wright?" Dat's my name; I seed Brown, but I neber seed Brown make his write; not at all; neber, Sur."

A LADY should always be excused for her *bustle* when she's a *little behind.*

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LADY CAMEL.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My Dear Friends:—There are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and brickbats into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war, and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

AN Irish soldier in the British army was standing sentry, when an officer, noticing that he had a black eye, accosted him, and charged him with having been fighting. "Please sir," replied the soldier, "it was for that you engaged me."

THE St. Louis *Democrat* describes the appearance of a pretty young lady walking in that city, in gent's boots, "which she was not at all squeamish about, but, when the mud demanded, exposed as far up as the point upon which she is supposed to say her prayers."

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WHEN A PATIENT IS OUT OF DANGER.—A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was *out of danger?*" "No," replied the witness; "I considered the patient *in danger* as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

A MAYOR of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighborhood, who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient for avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote—"Black eyes, one of which is absent."

JUVENILE LOGIC.—A lad wishing to turn sailor, applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of a rope, and said: "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to that rope." "I can do it," readily replied the boy. "Here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third"—and he threw it overboard.

A WRITER of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says: "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." A critic, commenting on the passage, says: "Sorry to hear it; we think it stands a perilous chance of being combed out."



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THE "NIGGER" AN INSTITUTION.—The New Orleans *Crescent* gives the following view of the great propelling power in American politics—that mighty force which, if it does nothing else, is of immense importance as an agent to keep society from stagnation:

"The 'nigger' is a great, in fact, a stupendous institution. He answers a three-fold purpose, and that is more than many white men are capable of. In the first place he sows, hoes, and gathers in a product which clothes a world; which has made Massachusetts rich and saucy—better than her neighbors; which enables England to carry on the war against Russia; which supplies France with the sinews of conflict, and which helps Christian nations to cut each other's throats, by furnishing the raw material indispensable to the prosecution of multifarious branches of industry. In the second place, the 'nigger' assists the abolitionists and anti-Americans of the North, wonderfully. Without Sambo they would soon languish and die. In the third place, the "nigger' is just as useful in the South as in the North. In the North he manufactures bogus democrats, abolitionists, and anti-Americans. In the South he manufactures anti-American secessionists and bogus democrats. He is equally valuable in both sections of the Union in the furtherance of objects diametrically opposed to each other. Wonderful product is Sambo. Hurrah for Africa!"

A SONG, in praise of lager bier, was sung at an American barbecue in Campbell county, Kentucky, before the late election, after this sort:—

Fill 'em up, fill 'em up, fill 'em up here,
Swi glass lager unt tri glass bier.

Der Ducher gumpany is a good gumpany
Ash ever cum'd from Yarmany.

Up mit der wine unt down mit de bier,
Don't care nix for demberance here,
Der Dutch drinks schnaps, unt der Yankees drink rum,
Und der Kentucky boys are pumpkins some.

REASONABLE ANSWER.—An honest Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who vas dat would not shleep mit Botiver's wife?" "Shoseph." "Dat's a coot poy. Vel, vat vas de reason he would not shleep mit her?" "Don't know—shpose he vasn't shleepy."

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## RAIL-ROAD INCIDENT.



ANY have met, in their journey through life, with at least one fussy character like the "little man" mentioned below. The parties in this scene are, a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain on her features, otherwise quite pretty, her face tied up with a white handkerchief, and a little man, in a snuff-colored surtout, with light hair, and a decidedly woolly style of countenance. Little man fidgets for a while, and then turns to the dame.

"Be you ailin' anything, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I have a bad tooth-ache."

"Oh, toothache, have ye?—well, I know suthin' that'll do ye good."

"What is it, sir? I am suffering very much and I should like to know."

"Well, I forgit the name of it, but most anybody 'll know. Be you going to York?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to New York."

"Oh, well, be ye—well, you know Broadway? Yes, well, go up Broadway till you come to a cross street; I forgit the name of the street, but you'll know when you git there; there's lots of people going up and down it. Well, you turn up this street, and I forgit which side, but you'll find a 'pothecary shop—you'll know it when you see it. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for—well, I forgit the name—but it's a *powder*. The 'pothecary, he'll know. It is dreadful strong—strong as ginger—you must mix the powder—they'll mix it for you—then you must take—well I forgit how much—about a table-spoon, or a teacup, or a small bucket full—and put it on *here* (laying his hand on the *pit of his stomach*)—just as hot as you can bear it?"

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see how *that* is to help the toothache."

"Oh, *toothache* you've got—well, I forgot. To be sure—yes, well—I *thought* you said *stomach-ache*."

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CHEAP NEWS.—An Irish waiter at one of our city restaurants, was overheard, the other day, telling his companion some terrible news from the seat of war. "An where did you get hould of the intelligence?" said Pat No. 2. "In the penny paper." "Oh, then divil a word of it I'll belave." "An' why shouldn't you belave that as well as any other?—it's a gintleman as prents it." "Because," says Pat, "by my faith, I don't think they could afford to spake the truth for the money."



ONCE an Irish woman missed her pig, and learned that it was in possession of a citizen of the town. She called upon him, when he informed her that the pig had broken through a window into the Episcopal church, where his pigship was found, and if she would pay five dollars damages she could have the grunter. She replied, "The pig and the church may go to the *divil*. I'll pay no five dollars for him if he has turned Protestant."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—On board the Cunard British steamers, the church service is read every Sunday morning. The muster roll of the crew is called over, and they attend the service. A gentleman one day said to one of the sailors: "Are you obliged to attend public worship?" "Not exactly obliged, sir," replied Jack, with a knowing wink, "but we should lose our grog if we didn't.

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GOING A FISHING.—A young lady in company, who had been "fishing for compliments" very unsuccessfully, was surprised by the young gentleman who sat beside her affectionately putting his arm around her neck and kissing her. Filled with indignation she angrily demanded why she was thus insulted. "My dear lady," replied the young man, gasping with excitement—"I hope I have not offended: really I supposed that those who *fished* for compliments, would not object to taking them in *smacks*."

## THE MODEL HUSBAND.



A MODEL husband allows his wife to empty his pockets every night. He comes back from the first corner to lace his wife's stays for her. He drags the baby around on all possible occasions, and to all possible distances. He is not ashamed to be seen going home with a chunk of liver in one hand, and a string of onions in the other. He always goes out on the back stoop to smoke, and never steps his foot in the parlor except on special invitation of his spouse. He always comes in and goes out the back way, and reverently scrapes his feet summer and winter. He goes to the pump at a late hour of the night for a pitcher of water, (the servant, poor thing, being tired "doing up" those laces.) He never invites any one to his house, and never gets acquainted, and is not allowed to speak with the gentlemen who call upon his wife. He goes up at all hours of the night without a pang, to put fresh coal on the fire, or to "damp" the grate. He never has a night-key, and if he comes to his house after nine o'clock at night, he roosts retributively on the front steps until morning. When he carves he never keeps a side-bone or a second joint for himself, but gratefully takes what is left. He slaves all day the year round for three very indifferent meals daily, and the privilege of paying all the bills. He goes without suspender buttons for months, and fastens his wristbands with pins and wooden skewers. He never talks to his wife's female

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acquaintances in a low tone, and would consider himself guilty of high treason should he presume to wink at a ladies' maid. He sees his children growing up around him defiant of himself, nor bashfully dares to hint that strapping Bob is big enough to be doing something for himself. He dies, having lived fruitlessly, and a slave to whims and women, and is consoled, as he bashfully draws his last breath in the presence of his wife, by the affectionate remark, that "we're all poor critters"



A FOREIGNER WITH A TURN FOR MUSIC.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—A Hoosier found himself in New York, surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels, who tried to sell him: "Do the ladies play music at the west, sir?" asked one of them, with a simper. Hoosier saw the game, and resolved to win. "Oh, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano, mostly?" "Never, Miss; the instrument we have out our way is the *Swinette*, and the girls all play it." "Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell me what it is, and how they play." Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and *chews the end of his long tail*, and that brings the music!" The girls made no further attempt to "trot out" the Hoosier, concluding there was too much pepper mixed with his greenness.

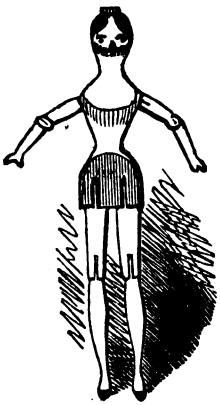
ONE TOO MANY FOR THE WIDOW.—There is a good story told of a handsome Yankee pedler who made love to a young

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widow down in Pennsylvania. He accomplished his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedler a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "*I have got a wife*," was the reply.

### A LADY THAT KNOWS THE ROPES.

A YOUNG lady visiting a vessel of war, asked the captain why the aftermost sail was like a tyrannical mother. The gallant captain scratched his head over it awhile, and then "guv it up." "Because it's a spanker," modestly lisped the important young miss. We think she was.



A DEAL TOO PLAIN BY HALF.

A YANKEE BEAST.—A John Bull and a Yankee were "blowing" on the size of their respective possessions while in one of our public saloons a few evenings ago, when John remarked that "fortunately the Americans could not go *farther* westward than the Pacific shore." Yankee scratched his pate for a moment, and triumphantly replied, "Why, good gracious, they're already levelling the Rocky Mountains and carting the dirt out west; I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living three hundred miles west of the Pacific shore—on *made land!*"

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FRAGMENT FROM A LOVE-LETTER.—DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—"How I wish, my dear Adelaide, my engagements would permit me to leave town and go to see you. It would be like visiting some *old ruin*, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections."

LOVE DESCRIBED.—A very old magazine, the name of which does not appear, publishes the following:—"Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like Heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes us unhappy; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished-for port; like a will-o'-the-wisp, because it often leads one into the bog; like a courser, because it often runs away with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything, and like nothing; often talked about and never seen, touched, or understood."



A DANCING CLUB.

WHAT KEPT RORY FROM CONFESSION.—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk—"what keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, and from church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, your Honor—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, onyhow."

"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?"



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"Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk.

"Soul o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the pastor.

"Worse."

"An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers, an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

A GREENHORN'S FIRST RIDE.—A gawky backwoods boy was at a depôt on one of the Georgia railroads, and was of course deeply interested in gazing for the first time at the mighty "fixins." Finally he got inside of a car, and, while indulging his unbounded curiosity, the whistle screamed, the bell rang, and the steam-horse began to surge at the rate of "two-forty." "Oh, lordy!" shouted the boy, "stop it, stop it! I ain't a gwine!" and bursting forward, he opened the door, and jumped out on the platform. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle-work, and seeing the earth and tree-tops beneath him, he fainted and fell. Directly he came to, and looking up at the conductor, who stood by him, he exclaimed with a deep sigh:—"Oh, lordy, stranger, *has the thing lit?*"



SHE CAIN'T GET THAT ON—THE THING'S BODILY IMPOSSIBLE.

HE HAD HIM THERE.—It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "treachery" in the upper stories of the young "ideas," and they took and smeared the balustrades from top to bottom with

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mud; and when the master came in he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until the scholars had all been called in and had taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said he would give any one five dollars who would inform him who had had a hand in it.

At this moment up jumped a little red-headed urchin, who said:—

"Thir, you thay you'll give any one five dollarth who'll tell you who had a hand in it?"

"Yes."

"Nor, thir, you'll not whip me, will you?"

"No."

"Well, thir, y——. Now you won't whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"Thir, y-o-u——. Oh! I don't like to."

"Go on, or I shall skin you alive!"

"Well, thir, *you had a hand in it!*"

The master gave in, and forked over.




PANE AND PLEASURE.

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At the breaking up of a dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs; the one tumbled on the first landing, the other rolled to the bottom. It was observed that the first was dead drunk. "Yes, but he is not so far gone as the gentleman below," answered a wag.

Rapid Growth.—A gentleman dining at a hotel, where servants were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and, placing it before the faint and hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?" "Yes, sir." "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown."



"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you in life. At my last visit, you know, I said that you had but six hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me."

The following toast was given in Plymouth, Massachusetts, lately: "The American Fair —Too wise to take the veil, too beautiful to need it."

A Poem upon the Snow.—The snow-king found many new-fledged poets, but we have seen no production which equals the following:

"Theys a gradeal of sno
And theys more a comin
Howsever I guess taint no
ways dangerous (can't find any thing to rhyme with comin but *drumin*, and that ingers the cense) drumin
The sno's awful depe in spots
Sum thot twouldn't ever stop fallin
But it did—then it fell again in spots
Ful like tipin over a pale. Squalin
Wester salers call it. The sno
Will melte bymby and then
It will be wet. Then water'l go
Down the strete."

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## A SLEDDING CATASTROPHE.

On a winter's night, when the moon shone bright,
And the snow was crusted o'er,
With a maid as fair as seraphs are,
I slid from a hill down lower.
Ere we reached the base, (like a horse on a race,)
Our swift gliding sled careened,
And with tresses fair, streaming back on the air,
*Sweet Sally went eend over eend.*

"SAMMY, why don't your mother mend that rip in your trowsers?"

"Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle to *mend clothes for poor children!*"

AT what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When experience has made him *sage.*

"THAT'S the end of my tail," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull frog.



THE CHARGE TO A JURY.—An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes to that paper:—You are all fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one on your State, absolutely true. I got it from an eye witness. The district court in one of your Northern parishes was in session—'twas the first day of court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined and were sitting out before

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the hotel, when a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this court, for I want to go home—I left Betsy a looking out."

"Ah!" said one of the lawyers, "and pray, sir, what detains you at court?"

"Why, sir," said the countryman, "I'm fotched here as a *jury*, and they say if I go home they will have to *find* me, and they moutn't do that, as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on?" asked a lawyer.

"What jury?"

"Yes, what jury? Grand or traverse jury?

"Grand or travis jury? dad-fetched if I know."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"

"Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he *charged* anything or not."

The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called court.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in Ireland, said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "Be jabers, its high time I parted with 'um, when I'd nothing for 'um to do."

## THE MAIDEN'S MISHAP.

A PARODY.



VENING beamed upon the Highlands,
Sunbeams, barefoot, softly crept
Where the snow-drop's timid blossom
Smiled and nodded while it slept—
Nodded sweetly while it slept.

In the valley stood a dwelling;
Stout and oaken was the door,
But the beams, the windows forcing,
Played about the sanded floor—
Romped and quivered on the floor.

None may know for whom they waited,
Why he tarried none may tell;
Yet we thought we heard among them
Lispings, such as these—Ah! well,
May be 'twould not do to tell.

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Soon the door swung on its hinges,
  Slowly, with a drawling creak,
And a maid stood on the threshold;
  Fair was she as Powers' Greek—
  Fair as Powers' marble Greek.

Oh! that form was rarer, sweeter
  Than a dream of Raphael's;
And her voice in echoes lingered
  Like the mellow talk of bells—
  Like the dreamy talk of bells.

Up the valley and the hill-side
  Fled she, like a frightened fawn;
None may know, and none need ask me
  Why she fled bareheaded on—
  Why at all she hurried on.

Look! dost see her dark hair streaming?
  Note her cheek—its crimson glow!
Is she—nay, she can't be dreaming—
  Is she mad? why flies she so?
  Madness only hurries so!

Lo! she stays; athwart her features
  Signs of bitter anguish roll;
Pale she seems to sink, exhausted,
  On a soft and mossy knoll—
  Sinks she softly on the knoll.

Then a squeaky voice is lifted,
  Neither sweet, nor soft, nor low—
"Gracious goodness! Sister Sally,
  Trying to head off that heifer,
    *I have been and stubbed my toe—*
    *The infernal critter! Oh-o-o!*"

A GERMAN prince, in a dream, saw three rats,—one fat, another lean, and a third blind. He sent for a learned Bohemian gipsy to interpret the dream. "The fat rat," she answered, "is your prime minister, the lean rat is your people, and the blind rat is yourself."

A PIOUS minister, after lecturing a ragged Sunday-school class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan;" meaning the hymn "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The worthy man was horrified by hearing the whole school immediately strike up, "Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I believe."

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HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"*So, you've taken all your stuff, and don't feel any better, eh? Well, then, we must alter the treatment;—you must get your head shaved; and if you will call here to-morrow about eleven, my pupil here will put a seton in the back of your neck.*"

An irreverent rascal publishes the following atrocious conundrum:—"What is the difference between a maiden of sixteen and a maiden of sixty? One is *careless* and *happy*, and the other is *hairless* and *cappy*."

"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'," said an old soaker, "I think he orter stop." "Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

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## PHASES OF THE FACE.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN, VIEWED IN A TEASPOON.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN A TEAPOT.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN VIEWED IN A TEASPOON.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN A TEAPOT.

A VERY diffident young gentleman, in one of his experiences, waiting on a maiden home in the evening, desired her not to mention it, as it might cause remark. "Don't be afraid," said she, "of my telling; I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

He must have felt quite as badly as the old Revolutionary soldier says he did once—"Of all the solemn hours I ever saw, that one when I went home from widow Bean's, when her daughter Sally told me I needn't come again, was the solemnest."

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"WHY, Tom, how are you, my good fellow? where have you been for a week back?" Why, I'm better; I've been to Dr. Stickem's for a strengthening plaster; but how did you know I had a *weak back?*"

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE.



TAKEN IN THE RUFF.



TAKEN IN FULL DRESS.



TAKEN IN RELIEF.



TAKEN ILL.

SCENE UPON A STEAMBOAT.—Captain (awfully riled)—"How come you to turn in there with your boots on?"—"Why, do you expect a fellow to turn in among all these insects barefooted?" The captain retires without making any reply.

A HARDY seaman, who had escaped one of the late shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the cold waves broke over him? "Wet, ma'am, very wet," he replied, with a shiver.

"WHAT wedder will it be to-day?" asked a German of his neighbor. "Vell, I don't know; vot you tink?" "I tink it vill be vedder as you tink." "Vell, I tinks so too." And they were quite as wise as E. M. or any body else.

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *beau* knot."

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THE WAY TO DOCTOR OLD BOREAS.—Mrs. G. couldn't sleep on account of the terrible north-wester which was blowing out of doors. "Horace, my love, how dreadfully the wind howls; don't you hear it? I can't sleep for it." "My dear," said her better-half, who was a philosopher, "open the window, and put a peppermint lozenge outside." "Why?" asked his wife. "Because," quoth he, "'tis a good thing to cure the wind."

CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.—Many papers are publishing a recipe to cure the hiccoughs instantly. A growling old doctor sends to a country paper the following recipe—warranted effectual or the money refunded. He says, "To cure hic-hic-hic-cups—turn your (hic) self wrong side (hic) out, and (hic) scrape the gland." He does not mention which gland is to be scraped, but he probably means the first gland you come across.

A NAKED JOKE.—A gentleman having been asked, on his return from a party the other evening, whether he had seen Miss A——, a young lady noted for her open style of dress, replied that he *had seen a good deal of her.*

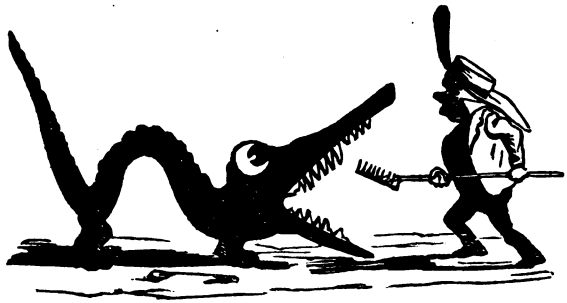
A SOFT ROCK.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was totally ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried he in a rage. "It is *rock the cradle*, sir," replied the lady. "Very good, madam," growled bach, "but I think that will come under the designation of *soils*."

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TEETH-CRUSHING POETRY.—[Extract from a poem, just published in England, upon India.] It puts Hiawatha completely in the shade:—

Farewell, Tarrengower! and Ganawarra!
Farewell, Wagra-Barjarg! and Irrawarra!
Farewell, Burra Burra! Polliah! Morang!
Farewell, Merrimingo! and thee, Burnewang!
And thee, Booroondara! and Goomalibee!
Farewell, Narab Narab! and Himnomongy!
And Wimmera plains, by Tongeomungie!

BIDDY'S BUG.—A gentleman of this city went a fishing the other day, and among other things that he hauled in was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning the first thing that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of "Be jabers, I've got the divil." "What devil?" exclaimed the master, feigning surprise. "The bull bedbug that has been ateing the children for the last month."



A FINE OPENING FOR A SPIRITED YOUNG MAN.

ANIMATED TABLE LEGS.—Rev. Dr. Magoon, of this city, recently lecturing on "Mind your Business," tells a good anecdote of a young New Yorker, who, while out West, went to call upon a young man and his wife, from New York city, who went out there to settle several years previously. He found him in a small neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off-hand and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit and coffee, with her own

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hands, and for a table had used her kneading board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. On his return home, on making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent!"—and for explanation of the superlative he said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture, he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table.

## SKATES AND LIFE:

### MORAL DITTY.




THE frost was hard, the sky was clear,
The ground like iron plates;
I got my tin on Saturday,
And bought a pair of skates.

I bought a pair of patent skates,
The *Art of Skating*, too;
Which took a pretty tidy lump
From off my weekly screw.



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I took them home, and in my boots
I drill'd a pair of holes;
And tried the little spikes upon
My Gutta Percha soles.

Into my nobby walking stick,
I stuck an iron nail,
And practised walking with a chair
By holding on the rail.



I sat up late to read the *Art*,
It wasn't very long;
And when I'd learnt it off, I vowed
Next morn to come out strong.

I went to bed, but told them first
To call me up at six;
I dreamt all night of flying round
Upon the ice like bricks.



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I dreamt of joining in quadrilles,
Of cutting Figure Eight—
I dreamt I cut all others out,
I went at such a rate.

But when I came to Figure Eight
A knock came at my door;
And that Figure Six was come,
And I must sleep no more.



I started up and donned my clothes,
I comb'd and brush'd my hair;
I didn't stop to shave myself,
But bolted down the stair.



I bolted down my breakfast next—
The coffee burnt my throat—
I didn't mind—I took my hat,
And buttoned on my coat.

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I seized my skates—unlocked the door—
Undid the heavy chain—
Drew back the bolt—and found myself—
Where?—*Standing in the rain!*



The frost was done—and so was I—
The air no more was raw;
But all around was damp and slush,
And mist, and fog, and thaw.

The milkman paddled through the streets,
A sack was o'er his head!
I wish'd I hadn't bought my skates,
And went up stairs to bed.

MORAL.

How often in this troubled world
Of sorrow and of sin,
Short-sighted man will buy his skates
Just as the thaw sets in.



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CAUSE OF CROOKED EYES.—"I say, mister," said one Yankee to another, "how came your eyes so crooked?"—"My eyes?"—"Yes."—"Why, by sitting between two girls, and trying to make love to both of them at the same time."

A FEW evenings since, a Methodist widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh, thou knowest what is the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A-m-a-n!" responded a brother, in a broad accent. It was wicked, but we are quite sure that several grave members smiled on the occasion.

HERE we find our mind and space getting exhausted, and find we are, "NOT UP TO TIME!"



FINIS—H.

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# LAUGHING GAS:

AN

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

WIT, WISDOM, AND WIND.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
SAMUEL P. AVERY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

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A Preface should be a provocative to the more serious weal of the Book;—should be like the ale and oysters Justice Greedy swallowed before dinner, "a kind of preparative" —and should, therefore, smack of sense, relish of humour; for it is fitting that such a feast of reason as a good book should be preceded by a well-flavored Preface.

We have great hopes of the prosperity of this, our Preface, for one especial reason. Easy writing, we have been told by a competent authority, is indifferently hard reading; we trust that the reverse of the axiom is also the fact, that what was hard in the composition may be easy in the perusal, as soil the most dug is lightest.

A very long and elaborate volume might be written upon the subject of Humor and its various forms, at different pe-

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riods and in different countries. Since the earliest specimens that can be traced, it has been undergoing perpetual changes and metamorphoses, and the humor of one age and people is no more like the humor of other ages and peoples than their costume or language. Illustrated by scholarly and amusing examples, such a work as we have suggested would be both entertaining and instructive, for much of manners and character must be learned from it; but as our remarks are only introductory to a specific purpose, a few retrospective glances will stand instead of a sufficient and comprehensive treatise.

Looking far, far back, we have no data on which to tell what sort of Humor belonged to the pristine nations of antiquity—how the Hebrews joked, if they did joke, in their dialects without points; how the Egyptians punned, if they did pun, in hieroglyphics; or how the Chinese, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, or Persians jested when in a merry mood, and laughed at the good sayings of their Joe Millers and Sydney Smiths. Of Greece we have some Attic and dramatic remains, which enable us to judge of the fineness and asperity of Greek humor. From Rome, little of what we consider to be wit or humor, has descended to us. Biting satire, and epigrams, the spirit of which generally depends upon the brevity of the dictum, or turn of expression, barely afford us grounds for comparing and contrasting these two ancient aggregations of human intellect, and showing us how dissimilar they were in their playful moments and movements. Perhaps we might deem the entire system of Egyptian literature a series of puns, seeing that hieroglyphs were fanciful representations of objects whose initial letters were the alphabet of the Coptic tongue, and thus, for instance, a goose stood for a son, and another gosling for the son of a son, or grandson.

Coming down the stream of time to England, we have not a single pleasantry handed down to us from Druid, Briton, Celt, or Welsh Triad. Of their jocularity not a vestige is to be discov-

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er.. The Romans in England made no fun as far as we can trace and the Danes, when they visited our ancestors at later periods, were guilty of no social hilarities, unless drinking mead out of skulls may be counted a jolly frolic, as it was more recently by Byron. At last, when we arrive at the more firmly established Saxons, we do perceive indications of drollery; and to judge by the woodcuts of monks and friars under the seats of churches, there was no inconsiderable share of caricature, certainly coarse enough, and obscene, from their date throughout the middle ages. Ridicule or satire was the essence of the national humor for centuries; and there was not much of any other kind. Gibes and gibing, or undervaluing and scorning, probably prevailed among men from the beginning; but what passes current for wit in our day would not have been intelligible till civilization made a marked progress, and opened new circumstances and new feelings for the exercise of new ingenuity, and new fashions corresponding with that advance.

With Shakspeare and his period, we may be said to have commenced our present era, although there have been various phases in the style and shapes of the product, demonstrating, as we have observed, that sometimes one class of humor pervaded the press, the stage, and the social circle, and sometimes another, of a very different tone and nature. In Shakspeare himself we possess almost every variety, from the purest and loftiest range to the inferior sports of badinage, equivoque and pun. As in everything else, his humor was universal.

We have thus glanced over the subject generally as an apposite introduction which displays the curious alteration of tone that proceeds from the circumstantial changes in social habit. The humors of Anglo-Saxon flesh and blood transported to America, and often located in wildernesses, are like nothing among the family which has remained at home. In the idleness of the far West has sprung up a droll system of

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exaggeration, which appears to have had a long and successful run, *quasi* Humor. Thus, for instance, a man being so tall that he had to get up a ladder to shave himself; an oyster being so large as to take two men to swallow it whole; a Yankee clipper which sailed so tarnation fast round Long Island, that she left her shadow three miles and nearly a half behind her; a chap who was so tall in his pride and stiff in his back, that he had to take out his spine when he wanted to pull on his boots; or a conveyance flying so rapidly past the milestones along the road, as to induce a passenger to believe he was going through a churchyard, mistaking the milestones for tombs, are familiar instances of this, at any rate, particular novelty, in the extent to which it is carried.

The origin and perpetuity of many of the queer and out-of-the way phrases may be traced to the semi-annual meetings of gentlemen of the bar at the courts of the southern and western States. These gentlemen, living as they do in the thinly inhabited portion of the land, and among a class of person generally very far their inferiors in point of education, rarely enjoying anything that may deserve the name of intellectual society, are too apt to seek for amusement in listening to the droll stories and odd things always to be heard at the country store or bar-room. Every new expression and queer tale is treasured up, and new ones manufactured against the happy time when they shall meet their *brothers-in-law* at the approaching term of the district court. If ever pure fun, broad humor, and "laughter holding both his sides" reign supreme, it is during the evenings of these sessions. Each one empties and distributes his well-filled budget of wit and oddities, receiving ample payment in like coin, which he pouches, again to disseminate at his earliest opportunity. Newspaper writers at dull times, are also apt at coining quaintnesses, both in words and tales, and especially those ludicrous exaggerations which may almost be considered as entirely American.

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We do not claim for our book any originality, but present it as a collection, and compilation, of all the funniest sayings and the most humorous engravings extant. In fact, a kind of gathering together of the "Lost Tribes" of vagabond jokes, stray stories, fatherless puns, motherless poetry, wandering conundrums; the wit and humor of Christian, Jew and Pagan, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Chinese, Esquimaux, Japanese, German, American (including some from California.) These various and amusing contents are from the most brilliant pens of both hemispheres; the one hundred designs are as laughable as was consistent with the public safety to have them.

The public were pleased to receive very graciously a former work of ours, ("Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun.") We catered then as now for the laughter-loving public, in the first instance the verdict was unanimous in our favor—we cannot enter upon the merits of the present work, (modesty forbids) —we refer the readers, therefore, who desire to be cognizant of those merits, who wish to be delighted, to page first and to page last, and to each intermediate page.

A Preface should abound in point—this apology shall now terminate in a full one.

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# LAUGHING GAS.

"HELP me, Cassius, or I sink!" said the great Caesar, when he was likely to be over head and ears in the Tiber. Modern ambition, when it is over head and ears in debt, and wants to reach the banks, cries out—"Help me, cashiers, or I sink."

*Three Dollars a topnot.*

At a small town in the Western States, where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks, that if they would raise 1500 dollars, he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured. As Jenny was singing the "Bird song," a tall fellow, who seemed to think he had been "sorter," having taken in three dollars' worth, exclaimed, on Jenny's repeating the words, "I know not, I know not, why I am singing,"—"The darnation ye don't! Well, I can tell ye; ye are singing for 1500 dollars, three dollars a topnot all round; and there's no use of telling folks you don't know why ye are singing. I guess dad's corn will find out."

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*Pledged to stand by his friend.*

A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When?" asked the eulogist. "Last night—against a post."

*He had to kick him out.*

A jailor in a Western State had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in his charge, one escaped, and he was obliged in consequence *to kick the other out of doors*, in order to comply with the regulation.

*Sovereign Remedies for Afflicting Diseases.*

For the gout, toast and water; hooping-cough, ipecacuana; bile, exercise; corns, easy snoes; blue devils, employment; rheumatism, patience and new flannel; toothache, pluck the tooth out; debt, retrenchment; love, matrimony.



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## "*Hop goes the Table.*"



*On choosing Partners*

If to choose one at a glance
You should not be able,
Pretty girls are best to dance
"Hop goes the Table."

*On selecting the Table.*

Tables should be in the main
Light, and not too stable;
Otherwise you'll try in vain,
"Hop goes the Table."

*How to commence the experiment.*

Take your partners' hands all round
Forming thus a cable;
Press them till you hear the sound,
"Hop goes the Table."

*How to continue the experiment.*

Press them, though no table move,
Perhaps it's all a fable:
Quite the same for those who love,
"Hop goes the Table."

*On applying pressure to the feet.*

Pressure on the feet too rude,
'Mid the talker's Babel,
If a castor's pushed 'twill aid
"Hop goes the Table."

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*Disastrous consequences of the mania in question.*

Everywhere the country round,
Parlor, kitchen, stable,
Ring with one continued sound,
"Hop goes the Table."

*The period of time during which one is subjected to it.*

From the time when morn appears,
To the night called "sable,"
That confounded noise we hear,
"Hop goes the Table."

*What People who have a little NOUS ought to do.*

People who've a little *nous*
Ought to place a label
Setting forth outside their house,
"Hop goes the Table."

## *Toast.*

Vermont: Famous for the production of *four* great staples namely, *men*, *women*, *maple sugar*, *and horses*.

The first are strong: the last are fleet:
The second and third are exceedingly sweet:
And all are uncommonly "hard to beat."

## *Hood on Health.*

Take precious care of your precious health, but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep. Why, then, don't smoke-dry it, or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it like gooseberries. Don't pot, and don't hang it. A rope is a bad "cordon sanitaire,." Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have "thee on the hip." Consider your heath as your greatest and best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a "clever hack" of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough you are going the pot. Hold up, as the shooter says,

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over the roughest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight that you may kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains, though it be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besdes the best fence against care is ha! ha! wherefore care to have one all around you whenever you can. Let your "lungs crow like chanticleer," and as like a game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and, like a trumpet, makes the "spirit dance."

### *An Old Story, but a good one.*

Tom Corwin, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, tells the following laughable story of a Hoosier who came to Washington to get an office: I was called out of my bed, early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost importance, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, light shaggy hair, and a face, critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat, if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why-y-y, I'm not very particular, but some how or other, I think I should like to be minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry, indeed: there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a controller, or an auditor, or some such thing"

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are at present filled. Would you not take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed to be struggling to

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bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered,

"Why-y-y, y-e-s, I don't care if I get a good collectorship or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or anything of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phippenny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places but every other place of consequence in the government, is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:

"Well, Tom, you and I seem to be pretty much alike as to size, though I'm some the tallest; haven't you got some old clothes you can spare?"

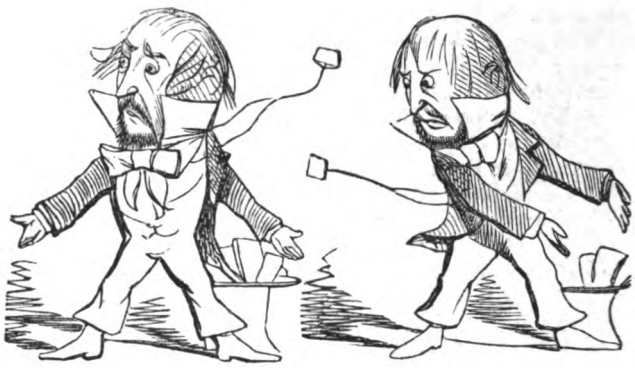
*Elocutionary Exercises of the "Honorable member" from Squashtown.*

**During a protracted struggle—trying to get the floor in order to make a speech on the importance of having the swamp of Squashtown drained.**

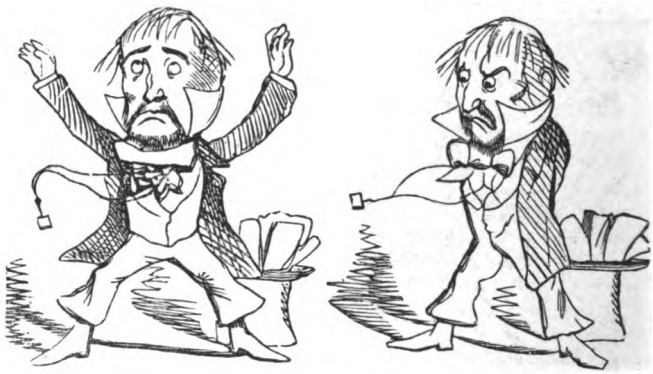


**Mr. Speaker, I** rise to present | **Mr. Speaker—Mr Speaker!**
**a . . . . . Mr. Speaker—I—I—** | **Mr. . . . . Mr. Speak-**

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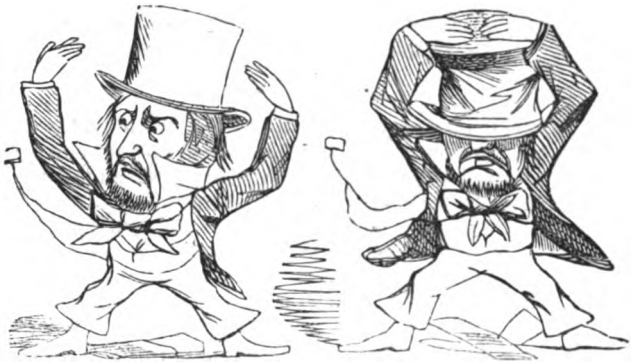


Mr. Speaker ! Mr. Speaker ! Mr. Speaker ! ! ! ——— | Mr Speaker ! ! ! ! Mr. Spe ——— Mr.—Mr.———



Mr. Speaker ! ! ! !—. . . .——— | Mr. Speaker ! ! ! ! ! ———.
Mr Speaker ! ! ! ! ! ———

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Mr. Speaker!!!! | Mr. Speaker!!!!

*Seeing the Eclipse.*

"You didn't go to Cork to-day, Paddy?" "Och, no!' said Paddy: "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon *here* to-night, and I staid to see it."

*Yankee Doodle.*

A Yankee, escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place were Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much!" The native looked at him, with the expression of fourteen fourth of Julys in his countenance—"Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

*A Lawyer Hung.*

A dispute about precedence once arose between a bishop and a judge, and, after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage:—"For on these two hang all the law and the

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prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph "that even in this passage of Scripture *we* are mentioned first?" "I grant you," says the bishop, "*you* hang first."

### *Backing Out.*

"John," said an angry parent to his son, who had committed a misdeed, "John, go to the next room and prepare yourself for a severe flogging." The boy departed, and when his parent had finished the letter he was writing, and sought the offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen appearance of the young rascal's back. "What does this mean?" he asked; "what is on your back?" "A leather apron," replied John, "*three double.* You told me to prepare myself for a hard flogging, and I did the best I could!" The hard-set features of the father's countenance relaxed, as also did the muscles of the hand which grasped the whip, and he let John off, "for that once."

### *Wisdom in a nut shell.*

The saying "that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to medicine, kicks, and advice.

### *Ticklish Work.*

Flattery is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

### *Spanish French English.*

Chateaubriand says, "In new colonies, the Spaniards begin oy buiding a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern." He might have added that the Americans start a news-paper.

### *Business Technicals.*

The language of Price Currents, in commercial newspapers, is often amusing, and it is not uncommon to see announcements somewhat like the following:—Railroad Stocks, though *languid*, are beginning *to look up.* Feathers are *heavy*, but Lead is growing *light.* Spirits are *low*, in prospect of a new law, but Cordials are *rising.* Oranges are *flat*, but Figs are becoming more *firm.* Dry Goods are a *drug*, and Domestics are *slack.* Lumber is *short*, and holders are more *stiff.* Flour is *dead*, but Hope are *quick*

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Nails are *dull*, and all Provisions *dished* for the present. Cattle, neat, are *brisk*, and Swine *easy*. Coal is *fair*, and Wood has *a better feeling* since the cold set in. Wool is *lively*, and Cotton *beginning to move*. Molasses *sticks* in first hands; Candles are *tending upwards*. Fish are *steady*, and Hemp *in less demand*. Hides, salted, are *smarter*, but Indigo holders look *blue*. Hops are *less active*, and Crash is *more quiet*. Soap, common, *rubs hard*; Ashes abundant and *fine*. Teas, black, hold their *grounds*, but Greens are quite *flat*. Hay is *down*, and Hoops are getting *tight*. Lime is unusually *slack*, and Spice *in season*. Spice is *below par*, but Brass still commands *a premium*.

### *No Change in Jack.*

A sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change? whereupon the tar put his hand into his pocket, and replied, that, "he hadn't got a cent."

### *Hoggish affair.*

"Ned, who is the girl I saw you walking with?" "Miss Hogg." "Hogg, Hogg—well, she's to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think," rejoined Ned; "I pitied her so very much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it soon."

### *Hard Times.*

The wife of a sexton in a country village, was haranguing her neighbors on the hardness of the times, when a man came up and offered some ducks for sale. "Ducks!" said the wife, "how can you suppose I can purchase ducks, when my husband has not buried a living soul these last three months?"

### *Arkansas Girl.*

The Memphis express tells the following story of a friend of the editor's, who went into Arkansas recently, to attend a "breakdown," that is a dance:—

"The ladies upon the occasion, were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colors that an uncultivated taste could suggest.—The gentlemen, were dressed in homespun clothes, and none but our friend had broad cloth upon his back. During the evening, sweet potatoes of an enormous size, roasted in the ashes, were handed round to the company, together with

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a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady soon became smitten with our friend, (perhaps with his magnificent mustaches,) and resolved to dance with him. She thereupon turned to a friend, and addressed her in these words:—

"Sal, hold my tater while I trot round with that nice hoss what's got on store clothes."

### *Pat and the Lawyer.*

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining in Wiscasset, a few days since, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

"Let him in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took a seat at the table.

"You was not born in this country?" said one.

"No sir; I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No sir, he's dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses."

"Did your father ever cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one, I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the whole kingdom of Heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer."

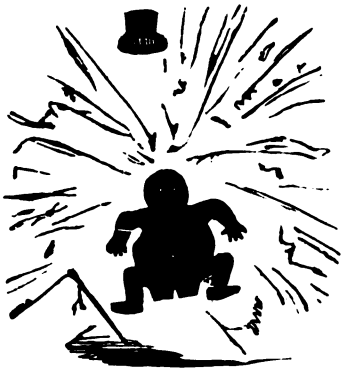
### *Couldn't understand it.*

Gov. Reynolds, the "Old Ranger," of Illinos, when for the first time in his life, visiting the seaboard, as a Representative in Congress from the back settlements, rose early in the morning, at Baltimore, and paid a visit to the shipping at the docks when the tide was full, and again at noon when it was ebb; and not satisfied with the sudden change that had taken place, went again in the evening, when the tide was in. Astonished,

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he returned to the hotel, and remarked: 'This is the curi estest country I ever seed in my life; *two freshets in one day—and narry drop of rain?*"

*Awful effects of want of ventilation.*



*Incident on the G. W. Railroad.*

A correspondent, communicates the following. At the time and place of meeting the train of cars, oftentimes, amusing incidents occur. I must record one of the most ludicrous and at the same time awkward affairs. In passing up to the Ingersoll station, there was a great crowd of people, who had escorted a couple who had been joined in the bonds of wedlock. All were smiling as the morning sun. The baggage had been checked for Detroit, where they were destined, as their bridal trip. The couple were seated in the cars, which only tarry a few moments, when the bridegroom, at her suggestion, stepped out to get some cakes. While making change, the whistle blew, and both trains started. He jumped on and passed out, and after very leisurely stowing away the cakes in his pocket, he started forward to hunt his bride. He looked all through the train without finding her, and then accosted the conductor as follows, in great excitement: "I say, captain, some of the passengers are left." "Can't help it, Sir," replied the conductor. "But," says the bridegroom, "I was married this morning, and my wife was aboard, and I don't see how she got out." The conductor seeing what a fix he was in, and where the mis-

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take was, asked him where he was going: to which he replied that he was going to Detroit. "Well, then," says the conductor," you are the one who got out; you are now going towards Niagara Falls." "Great God! is that so? Well stop the cars immediately," says the bridegroom. "Can't do it," says the conductor, "we never stop for anything." "But, I am just married this morning, and here I am going one way and my wife the other. Was ever a man in such a fix? and the captain won't stop the cars." "I know it is a bad fix to be in," says the conductor, "but I can't help it. I know how you feel, I have been married myself; but I must obey orders." By this time, a crowd in the cars had collected around the unfortunate man, all of whom knew the whole affair. A lantern-jawed specimen of a Yankee near, hearing it all, put in a word or two: "Look a here, old feller, you have got to grin and bear it. I wish I could help you, as you have raised all my feelings." "But I say," continued he, "I guess she won't take anybody else for you when she gets to Detroit, for they don't have any of that kind." "That kind," said the married man, "what do you mean?" "Why," says the Yankee, "they don't have any so ugly." This led to a row, and, the excitement being over, I left for my seat, and laughed for ten minutes at least.

*A High Joke.*

A party had once climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company,) who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray, what is the highest part of this mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

*A severe Trial.*

When does a judge contemplate employing rogues?—When he takes them on trial.

*A Cat-astrophe.*

"Why, Jack, I thought as how they'd done away with the *cat* in the navy?" "Well, so they have, old salt." "Not they; I found one in a canister of preserved provisions only the day before yesterday."

*Good News.*

A Western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him, when news

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was scarce, to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be new to him.

*Reversing a Proverb.*

"Figgers won't lie, will they?" muttered a seedy gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post. "Vell, perhaps they won't: but I sees a figger as won't stand, anyhow."

*Aladdin.*

A tall youth is a lad, but an implement used in building is a lad-der.

*Fenced In.*

Quoth Smith to Jones, it really is a sin
You do not get your house fenced in:
Quoth Jones, you're wrong, the placed is fenced, confound it—
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it.

*Too happy to speak of.*

An impatient youth, at a wedding party the other day, after an awful silence, suddenly exclaimed; "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy."

*Cons. for Consideration.*

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals?—Because he's the querist.

Why is a spendthrift like a restive horse?—Because he plunges into difficulties and gets in arrear.

What is the difference between a big man and a little man?—One is a tall fellow, and the other not at all.

Why is a betting-list keeper like a bride?—Because he's taken for better or worse.

Why are lawyers like wild beasts?—Because they're savage without they're fed.

*Irish Hospitality.*

An Irish gentleman, visiting some friends in the North, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, *if he lived there a month longer*, he should *die in a fortnight*."

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## Domestic Bliss—A Thrilling Novel in four Chapters.



*Chapter* 1.—*Astonishment.*



*Chapter* 2.—*Grief.*

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*Chapter 3.—Indignation.*



*Chapter 4.—Satisfaction.*

*A dis-creditable affair.*

"John, who was the wisest man?" "Don't know, sir." "Yes, you do know, too; tell me." Wall, I guess it was Uncle Zek, for father says he was so cunning that he got everybody to trust him, and wasn't fool enough to pay nobody.'

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### *A good Likeness.*

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa: you look as bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey. How do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh, yes, massa, I seed one down to Massa Jenks, in his stable." "Down to Jenks,' Pompey? Why you great fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion. That's a jackass." "Can't help it, massa, you look just like him?"

### *Green Dogs and Beeswax.*

Dr. Beeswax in his "Essay on Woman," remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids." "They set such a value on themselves," he says, "that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties, who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool—while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

### *The Patriotism of Literature illustrated by extracts from various books.*

*Italian Book.*—Italy! my heart throbs at thy name. Italy! the centre of civilization! the garden of Europe! Beautiful Italy! whose daughters shall compare with thine! Italy! the birth-place of poetry and art, &c., &c., &c. I praise heaven for making me an Italian.

*French Book.*—France! the centre of civilization! the emporium of fashion, where the azure sky is ever smiling, &c., &c. Thy sons are the bravest of the brave, &c., &c., &c. Thy daughters are the fairest of the fair, &c., &c., &c. When I read thy histories I tremble with proud delight to think that I, too, am a Frenchman.

*English Book.*—England! the centre of civilization! honest, truthful, England, where every house is a castle, whose name is the terror of tyrants, and the hope of the persecuted. The birth-place of freedom—the resting-place of glory, whose wealth is the wealth of nations, &c., &c., &c., whose daughters &c., &c.,—whose sons, &c., &c..... ...Who would exchange the proud title of Englishman! &c., &c., &c.,

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*German Book.*—Dear Germany! the centre of civilization! Sweet fatherland, the cradle of patriotism. Happy country! clothed in vineyards—bathed in continual sunshine! I gaze on thee and thank God I am a German.

*Chinese Book.*—Glorious China! Thy King hath the sun and the moon for his parents. Thy kingdom governs the earth. Tnou art the centre of civilization. Whose porcelain towers shall compare with thine. Whose feet shall compare with those of thy daughters. &c., &c. Other nations are nations of barbarians, &c., &c., &c. Each time I eat of thy lovely puppy-pie, I say, blessed be the moon that made me a Chinese.

## *Dutch Earthquakes.*

An ignorant Dutchman passing a number of rail-road tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head, he ejaculated, "Tey musht pe iron clamps, to keep der ertquakes from preaking up der road."

## *The Saw and the Axe.*

A COCKNEY DIALOGUE.

Early one spring morning, when the sun had scarcely melted the hoar-frost from the brown face of the wrinkled earth, an old axe happened to fall in with a saw. There was a "cutting air" abroad, that threatened the newly-shaven chin with *chaps!*

"Ah! my old blade!" said the Axe, "how goes it with you? I came purposely to see how you do."

"I really feel obliged to you," said the Saw, "but am sorry to say that my *teeth* are very bad. My master has sent for the doctor, who, 'twixt you and I and the post, is no better than an 'old file!' I was in the workshop last night where—"

"Where, no doubt, you—saw a great deal," facetiously interrupted the axe.

The Saw showed his teeth in a sort of grin betwixt melancholy and mirth, and resumed,



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"Why, I may say so with some truth, and I consider it no more than a duty I owe Mr. Carpenter to do as much as I can, in spite of my teeth, for he is really liberal—in point of *board*."

"And do you never grow rusty?" asked the Axe.

"Not with over work," replied the Saw; "and, indeed, I have always found that constant employment best preserves our polish; which, after all, is only artificial."

"You are quite a philosopher."

"Not exactly so; for I sometimes do grow exceedingly *hot*, and lose my *temper*."

"And what says your master?"

"Why, he generously desists awhile, and I soon grow cool again, and then I cut away like a razor through a piece of mottled soap!"

"You are a happy fellow," said the Axe. "How differently am I situated! My master is a 'chopping boy,' with a thick block, which is tantamount to saying he is a fat fool. He is very sharp with me sometimes; and when he finds I am inclined to be blunt, he grinds me most cruelly."

"Alas!" cried the Saw: "it's the way of the world, my friend; for I have invariably remarked, that the rich always grind the poor for the sake of the 'chips.'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Axe.

"You see I've not lived in the world all this time without getting a notch or two," said the Saw.

"Nor I either," replied the Axe: "although, in obtaining the said notches, I have not only lost my courage, but a portion of my metal too!"

'Well, I never saw," exclaimed his friend; "how you talk! I am sure your teeth do not give you any trouble, at any rate."

"I ax your pardon, old boy," remonstrated the Axe: "for although I do not complain of my *teeth* exactly, my chops give me pretty considerable deal of trouble, I can tell you."

The Saw grinned an approval of the Axe's wit.

"Peace!" exclaimed the Axe. "Here comes Mr. Carpenter, so 'don't show your teeth, till you can bite,'—I believe that is the maxim of a relation of yours?"

"Not a relation, said the other, "though they are the words of a *wise old saw!*"

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*Every Man his own Cook.*

Oh! Molly, there are very few
Such plump and rosy girls as you
If you refuse
Me, or abuse,
Why I shall feel
Just like an eel
*Cut up* and in a *stew!*



"HALLO, SMITH!" | "HALLO, BROWN!"

*A Regular Know-Nothing.*

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin' for somebody nohow, you don't, do you?" "Yes, I guess not."

*A Failure.*

"Boy, what is your father doing to-day?" "Well, I s'pose he's failin'. I hern him tell mother, yesterday, to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could—and do it right off, too—for he'd got everything ready to fail up to nothing, 'ceptin that."

*A Stopper.*

One meeting an acquaintance, who was a printer by profession, inquired of him, "If it was true Mr. ——— had put a period to his existence?" "No, no," replied the typographer "he had only put a colon, for he is now in a fair way of recovery."

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### *A Rod in Pickle.*

"Marm, may I go a fishing?" "Y--, sonney, but don't go near the water; and recollect, if you are drowned, I shall skin you as sure as you are alive!"

### *Bachelors, be warned.*

A gentleman unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night. "Ah! happy girl," said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too."

### *To be pitied.*

What is it that woman frequently gives her countenance to, and never takes kindly?—The small pox.

### *A Stretcher.*

An American in London was boasting of the immensity of that country, and mentioned, among other wonders, that he himself had seen a *cane a mile long!* Pray what kind of cane was it? asked the company, incredulously. "A *hurrycane*," replied Jonathan.

### *Corn, Beans, and Babies.*

There is a man up the country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life, never had any corns or toothache, his potatoes never rot, the weevil never eats his wheat, the frost never kills his corn or beans, his babes never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds.

### *A Wise Distinction.*

When the Earl of B—— was brought before Lord Lough borough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your Lordship mean," said B——, "a live sheet or a lead one?" "Is it not the same thing?" answered the chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord B—— "there is much difference; a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders."

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*Why People Drink.*

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop, because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to California.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from Australia.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. K. because he's so cold.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

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Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z.—We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

## *Fat People.*

We like fat—good, jolly, laughing, broad-visaged fat people. We love fat women, fat boys, fat babies, fat purses, a fat list of subscribers, a fat job, fat advertisers, fat everything. Fatness is a big sign of big health. Fat men are never treacherous, fat women are not sharp-tongued, fat boys are not mischievous, fat babies are always good; in fine, fat people are the kindest and therefore the most popular. Commend us to fat people.



GREAT WAIST.

## *Aunt Hetty on Matrimony.*

"Now girls," said Aunt Hetty, "put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honeymoons: it makes me sick, it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce; matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroes, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours The honeymoon is as short-lived as a lucifer-match; after that you may wear your wedding-dress at the wash-tub, and your nightcap to meeting, and your husband won't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it were the last meal he should eat in this world; when he gets through he will aid your digestion, while you are sipping your first cup of coffee, by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesteday; if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he

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gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had a chance to read, gives two or three wiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat-tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing 'that errand' for you yesterday, thinks it doubtful if he can to-day, so pressed with business. Hear of him at eleven o'clock taking an ice cream with some ladies at Vinton's, while you are putting new linings in his coat sleeves. Children by the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, feel as dizzy as a fly in a drum; husband comes home at night, nods a 'how d'ye do, Fan,' boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, put his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug-nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and, just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! after which he lays down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning ask him to 'leave you a little money,' he looks at you as if to be sure you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you 'what you want with it, and if half a dollar won't do.' Gracious king! as if these little shoes and stockings and petticoats could be had for a half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lap-dogs, but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living: you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my head ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, and economise, and die, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fireboard; but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get: there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do, oh, dear!'

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### *Sam Slick's notion of Reform.*

A good man don't talk of his religion for everlasting, and a good subject finds he has as much liberty as is good for him or his neighbor. Piety ain't found in pot-houses, nor patriotism in mobs or mass meetin's. Don't trade with a man that it over sanct imonious, or you will be taken in; or be too thick with a demagogue, or you may be taken up. Fermentation throws up scum, and agitation brings rascality to the top of the pot. For my part I hate politics. There are cleaner things to handle, and plesanter to smell. There are two kinds of reforms in the world—personal reforms and reforms in the state. Now, personal reforms can be made at any time we like—so we just put them off until it is convenient: and sometimes we consait we can do without them at all. At all events, it's like takin' physic; it's hard to swaller, and causes wry faces. Reforms in the state are pretty things, and show wisdom. I never met a man yet that hadn't some little pet scheme of reform for the public—the most disinterested one, too, in the world—for statesmen are very disinterested cattle

### *Waiting for Mature Age.*

A youth went to a barber's shop the other day to be scraped. The barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped the smooth skin, left him, and went lounging about the door. As soon as the young "gent" saw him sauntering, he impatiently called out; "Well, what are you leaving me all this time for?" "Sar, I am waiting until your beard grows."

### *Give the Devil his due.*

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who called him hard names.

### *Forgot her other Name.*

"Tom," said an acquaintance of his, who met him on the Winne House step, last evening—"Tom, who did you say our friend B. married?" "Well, he married—forty thousand pounds—*I forget her other name.*"

### *The Force of Imagination.*

Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner; after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his class to dine with

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him. His house and all his establishment were in good taste and style. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day. "Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not—I only ask because I find no green fat?" The doctor shook his head. "I think it has something of a musky taste," said another: "not unpleasant, but peculiar." "All alligators have," replied Buckland, "the cayman particularly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating ——" There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room; and only those who had stout stomachs remained till the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination is!" said Buckland. "If I had told them it was a turtle, or terrapin, or birds'-nest soup, salt-water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion none the worse. Such is prejudice." "But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

## *Pill or Potion.*

During a recent performance of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, the fair Juliet's question in the soliloquy, before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit with, "Then take a dose of pills!"

## *Jockeyship.*

An auctioneer, speaking to a horse-dealer about the situation of an estate he was to sell, in a level neighborhood, said: "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire *a rich flat*." "So do I sir!" said the grinning jockey.

## *Forensic Eloquence.*

The *American Wheeling Gazette* gives the following, as an extract from the recent address of a barrister "out west," to a jury: "The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beauti-



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ful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion and reflect, with pleasure, that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of law, and set at nought my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, *as my cat lights on a sasserful of new milk.*"



HAIR DRESSING.

## *Scratching Your Head not Always allowed.*

A man, who had the misfortune to have a vixen for a wife, brought a complaint before the magistrate of her having pulled his hair out, and scratched his face very severely. The poor fellow, whose face was deeply marked by his wife's finger-nails, piteously implored that she might be bound over to keep the peace, as he led a miserable life on account of her vixenish nature. The magistrate, turning to the woman,

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asked her how she could behave in so disgraceful a manner as to ill-treat her husband in the manner she had. "Do you not know," said his worship, "that he is bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh? Remember that, and behave better for the future." "That is the reason that I clawed him, yer honor," said the woman. "It's very hard I can't scratch my own head when I like." [The magistrate grinned, and bound her over to keep the peace.]

### *Not like Me.*

Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, is said to have once upon a time met a lady in the street in Boston, who hailed him with: "Ah! Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stewart, "it was not like me."

### *Sold at half Price.*

A shopkeeper in a small town in Massachusetts one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "Selling at half price!" Shortly after a lady, who had traded with him before, entered his establishment, and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price.

"Fifty cents a piece," politely replied the shopkeeper.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."

The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a three-dollar bill.

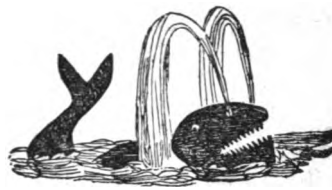
"Beg pardon, ma'am; but I—ab—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents a piece; that is—ah—six dollars per dozen."

"To be sure, sir. I understand as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price: half of six is three: that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good-day, sir."

### *An Irish Travelling Merchant,*

*Alias* a pedlar—asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a *pace*." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?" 'Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

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A TERRIBLE FELLOW TO SPOUT.

## *Cut and Come Again.*

A Quaker one day, in taking his usual walk before dinner chanced to meet with a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, and after a hearty shake of the hand, and a little friendly conversation, he asked the friend (in their usual mode) to go home with him, saying, "Friend, wilt thee go and stick thy fork in my pudding to-day?" The friend replied in the affirmative: "Thank thee, neighbor, I will;" and so the two Quakers trudged off home together. Well, in consequence of the friend being just off a journey, and a good trencherman also, he stuck his fork not only in his pudding, but in his meat also; and, having passed his plate so many times, and being almost ashamed to do so again without making an excuse, he says, "Neighbor, according to custom, I cuts and comes again." "Well, friend," replies the Quaker, "thee shalt cut as long as thee thinks proper, now thee beest here, but come again thee never shalt!"

## *A Spell upon Tobacco.*

A waggoner passing a store, was asked what he had in his waggon. He replied—

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet,
A rectangle triangle standing on feet,
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

Three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O An upright where two semi-circles meet is a B. A triangle standing on feet is A. Two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the waggon.

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*Combat between the Spiritualists and Maine-acs*




*When Grog may be taken Medicinally.*

After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any delicacy of the season, into which onions may have seasonably entered

Invariably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint, and doesn't know what is the matter with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend you do not expect to see for several years.

When a person has the toothache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has come into a large property.

When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.

When a person has quarrelled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage coach, or is on a sea voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a coroner's jury, or when you are sitting up for your wife,

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or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels rather low, or feels in very high spirits.

*I met a Maiden once.*

I met a charming maiden once—
Or rather she met me—
And in her pretty eyes I read
A look of naughty glee.

Said I to her, "Good morning, friend;
'Tis very warm and clear—
You seem in search—thus early out—
What are you seeking, dear?"

"What am I seeking? Oh, I think,
To hear you cannot err—
My mother bade me go and seek
A SON-IN-LAW for her."

'Mong pretty girls, as prompt as this
I never met another;—
Yet even HERE are some who seek
A son-in-law for mother!

*Candid.*

"You have visited my daughter a long time," said an anxious mother to a young gentleman of our acquaintance the other day—"what are your intentions, sir?"

"Honorable—entirely so," said the gentleman. "I intend backing out,' as the coachmen say."

*Got his desert.*

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."

"And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady "would soon make it a desert."

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### *Awkward Mistake.*

A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the front of which a stonecutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription—"My house shall be called a house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse—"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

### *The Flight of Time.*

Fifty winters, fifty summers, fifty autumns, fifty springs,
Will rise like flocks of birds before us, fluttering on their airy wings.

And when ther time does come, then comes 'rheumatiz,' and headache, long nights and short sleeps, anxiety about the stock market, and decided conviction that chickens and turkeys are less tender than they used to be.

### *The Power of Imagination.*

Mr. G——— had by degrees become so attached to his cups that he could not comfortably pass eleven o'clock without his "nip" of brandy, and was yet anxious to avoid the suspicion of being an habitual drinker. Thus he always had some excuse for the bar keeper and those within hearing. He had used the stereotyped reasons, such as a slight pain, a kind of sinking, not feeling right, &c. One day, at the usual hour he called for his brandy and water, saying, "I am extremely dry—I am going to have salt fish for dinner."

### *Epigram.*

Said a thief to a wit, "There's no knowing one's friends,
Until they've been tried and found steady."
"Very true," said the wit, "but all yours, I presume,
Have been *tried* and found guilty already."

### *A Waterly View of Man.*

The Quarterly Review, in answer to the question "What is man?" says, "Chemically speaking, a man is 45 pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water."

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*Yankee Genius.*

The Yankees assert that all their children are born genius es, and to verify this, they say that when a baby is not sleep ing or eating, it is rolling its eyes about, thinking how to im prove its cradle!

*Shocking.*

A gentleman observed to his friend that Lord N————'s attempts at wit resembled an electrifying machine.

"Indeed! how so?"

"Because they are so shocking!"

*A French Joke.*

Passing one evening along the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, about half past twelve, just as they were closing the emporium of "The Two Baboons," which was commonly done at half past eleven, Romien dashed head foremost into the shop.

"Where is the proprietor of this establishment?"

"He is in bed, long since."

"But he sleeps in the house, I hope?"

"Certainly."

"Conduct me to him at once—I must see him this ir- stant!"

"Your business must be very urgent then."

"I tremble with anxiety for fear of being too late."

"Well sir, as you assure me—"

"Oh, go on—go on!"

The shopman did not take time even to close the street door, but ushered Romien to the chamber where Mr. P. was snoring like a bass viol.

"Mr. P.—Mr. P." cried out the man.

"Eh, eh! what's that? Go to Halifax. (Ha.ıax was not precisely the place indicated, but I respect my reader's nerves' —What do you want?"

"Sir, it isn't me!"

"Eh! who then?"

"A gentleman who wishes to say two words to you."

"And at this hour?"

"Sir, he says he can't help it."

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"And where is this gentleman?"

"He is at the door."

"Come in, sir, come in."

Romien entered on tiptoe, his hat in hand, and his face one smile.

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for the trouble I am giving."

"Don't mention it, I beg. What can I do to oblige you?"

"Sir, I wish to speak to your partner."

"To my partner? I have no partner!"

"No partner?"

"None!"

"And pray, sir, why have you put on your sign board—'The Two Baboons?' It is a shameless imposition on the public!"

## *A falling off.*

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse—and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have *fallen off!*"

## *The Pleasures of Memory.*

BY A GENUINE CYNIC.

Oh, 'tis sweet to remember our childhood's bright days,
When we gambolled in light-hearted glee
Through daisy-deck'd meadows. What rapture to gaze
On each streamlet, each flower, each tree!
But alas! we remember some matters beside—
The whippings, the sendings to bed,
When for more bread and butter and sugar we cried,
And the pleasure of memory's fled.

Oh, 'tis sweet to remember our boyhood's glad days,
The glories of peg in the ring—
Of leap-frog, of rounders, of prisoners' base,
Widdy-way, and all that sort of thing

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But alas! we remember the thrashings we got
At school for our lessons unknown,
For robbing an orchard, or making a blot;
And the pleasure of memory's flown.

Oh, 'tis sweet to remember the days of our youth,
When we first felt the warm breath of love—
When we offered our heart, all devotion and truth,
To an angel (we thought) from above.
But the angel she called us a forward young lout,
And she married the baker next door;
We are glad that she did, as things have turn'd out—
Still the pleasure of memory's o'er.

Oh, 'tis sweet to remember the days when we wooed,
When we won a fair girl for our wife;
And the follies of youth by stern reason subdued,
We settled down calmly in life.
But the wife of our bosom, we've found out too late,
Has a temper that—well, we forbear—
The subject is painful. Suffice it to state
There's no pleasure of memory there!



FLYING TO ARMS.

## *A Strong Hint.*

"Mr. Smith," said a landlady to one of her boarders, "wil you do me the favor to help the butter?" "Shan't do it, curtly replied the imperturbable Mr. Smith. "Why not?" asked the fair proprietress of the establishment. "Why," retorted Smith—"because it is *strong* enough to help itself."

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### *Derivation of Bus—To Kiss.*

*Re-bus*—To kiss again.
*Blunder-bus*—To kiss an old woman.
*Silly-bus*—Two girls kissing each other.
*Omni-bus*—To kiss all in a room.

### *Ship News.*

It is a somewhat singular fact, that, restless as is the ocean, the path of your ship is the only part of it that is really *a wake!*

### *Black Talk.*

"Sam, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?"
"Yes, massa, I meet him down by de cotton-gin."
"He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?"
"Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man: he made a bow—dat's all he said."

### *About Beans.*

When neighbor Jones went to dinner the other day, he found one of his apprentices in the kitchen, quietly rolling up his sleeves.

"What are you going to do?" said Jones.
"Oh," quietly responded the boy, "I am going to dive down into that pot, to see if I can find the bean that soup was made from."

### *A Quaint Simile.*

Methinks, to kiss ladies' hands, after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring out of the love they have to the apple.

### *The Landlord Sold.*

"This tenement to let, inquire next door." The place was in a wretched state of dilapidation, but B——— inquired the rent, &c. These particulars gained, he asked, "Do you let anything with it?" "No," was the reply, "why do you ask that?" "Because, if you let it *alone* it will tumble down."

### *Cockney Epitaph for a Cook.*

"Peace to his hashes."

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THE MAL-A-PROPOS JOKE.

Brilliantly burned Palmer's best patents, and sturdily smoked the new camphine in the ball-room of Mr. Brutus Hopkins, and blandly smiled the newly married Mr. Jabez Pot, who bore on his arm the delicate weight of his blushing bride. There was something not of the past nor yet of the present in the all important look of Jabez Pot; he assumed the steadiness of the future father, and appeared to an inquisitive eye a pa in perspective, but sudden was the change and altered was the mug of Pot when Tom Freeman, his quondam bachelor companion, not observing the propinquity of Mrs. P. and poking Jabez in the ribs with delicious familiarity, said, in (alas !) too loud a tone, " Well, Pot, my pipkin, how's the old woman ?"

*A Joke thrown up.*

Spriggles says that during his late sea-sickness he was very *retched* being.

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### *The Ojibbeway's Serenade to his Love.*

Sweet, dwell with me, and our home shall be,
A wigwam full of smoke,
In a swamp that teems with the melody
Of the bull-frog's mildewy croak.
The scalps of foes, who have turned up their toes,
Shall deck thee in queenly pride;
And with tinkling brass I will wring thy nose,
And paint thy cheeks blue, my bride!

Thy tresses I'll dress with smut and gum,
And with oil thy brows I'll grease;
And I'll play on the oyster-barrel drum,
And the rattle of nuts and peas.
And deck'd with bones, and with bits of pipe,
And pieces of tin beside,
No other shall be so fine as thee.
Squaw of my heart, my bride!

### *A New Way to Quench Thirst.*

In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness: the man answered: "I thirst for the spirit." "Grog you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says, also, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth:' therefore, take your hoe and go to work."

### A *New Head for a Joke.*

"Sinner that I am," said a French prelate with demure irony, when the head of St. John the Baptist was presented to him to kiss in some church of which it was the choicest treasure—"Sinner that I am, this is the fourth head of the glorious Baptist that I have had the happiness of holding in these unworthy hands!"

### *Brains and Digestion.*

The question, "Why authors did not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered: "Because authors work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains!"

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## *Magnum of Burgundy.*

A ROMANCE OF THE FRONDE.

Dear Reader! do you know that part of *la belle* France where nature seems to have collected all her stores of loveliness from the other provinces to adorn the favored one—where the luxuriant vineyards climb up the steepest declivities, projecting their long swinging branches from the summit of the rocks, or form their beauteous festoons from tree to tree, as they twine their tendrils round the spray? Do you know that bright land where the blue and sparkling Loire, reflecting the hue of the unclouded sky above, murmurs in its gentle course through the green plains and thick woods that adorn its banks—where the choicest fruit trees spring up in the centre of the fields of golden maize, and every bush echoes with most melodious feathered minstrelsy, and every heart partakes of the influence of this gay and joyous climate? If so, you will agree that there are few spots which equal in soft beauty and picturesque scenery the sunny region of merry Touraine.

Two hundred and sixty eight years ago (which by a fair calculation will bring us back to the year of grace 1580), the rich tract of land which stretches eastward from Tours, between the Loire and its tributary the Cher, was even more lovely in verdant detail than at this present time. It had not been subdivided for cultivation, but was entirely covered with bouquets of small trees and wild flowers, except where the primitive bridle-road had gradually encroached into a *grande route*, rough and uneven to be sure, and barely practicable for the lightest carriages, yet still sufficiently marked to indicate that it conducted to some place of higher importance than the numerous small villages which lay scattered on the face of the surrounding country. Every crag and eminence on the hills in the distance was marked by its chateau, or stronghold, some of whose ruins are still extant; and on either side it was bordered by a thick belt of foliage, that cast a deep shade, where the broad corn-fields now crackle and ripen in the moontide sun.

It was the month of August. The trees were flourishing in all the luxuriance of summer, except that their green leaves had taken a somewhat deeper tint; and the blush in the grape was assuming a more purple dye, when two horsemen slowly wended their way along the green and flowery path that

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skirted the right bank of the Loire, in its course from Tours to Amboise. For a while they continued their route in silence. Little broke the stillness that reigned around, except the deep hum of the bees from the floating apiaries that glided slowly along the river, or the mellow and subdued sound of the cattle-bells as they fell softly on the ear from the distance.

G. P. R. J.

(*To be continued.*)

## *Paddy and the Pill-Box.*

A surgeon had occasion lately to prescribe a couple of pills for an Irishman, which were sent home in a small box, bearing the direction, "the whole to be taken immediately." On visiting his patient afterwards, the doctor expressed his surprise on learning that the desired effect had not been produced and asked Pat's better half if she had really given him the medicine. "Faith that I did, Sur," she replied; "but maybe yer honour, the lid hasn't come off yet!" The poor sick man had been made to swallow, not only the pills but the box as well!

## *The Utility of Pockets.*

Among the strange subjects chosen by Southey, in his "Doctor," for a chapter, are pockets, and he thus speaks of them: "Of all the inventions of the tailor, I hold the pocket to be the most commodious and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw, ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach, the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch, and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes himself a pocket if he can. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their wooley toupet, of which the worst use they make is, to carry poison in it. The matolats, a long haired race, who border on the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements. The New Zealander is less ingenious: he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it."

## *Desperation.*

"Jones, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

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### *Some design on the Lawyers.*

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read, "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."



JOAN OF ARC,

AS SHE WOULD HAVE APPEARED AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE.

### *The Barrister and the Witness.*

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become roused at times. At an assizes held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make the timid witness upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it was possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading

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and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray have you been drinking?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Corfee, zur!"

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"*A spune, zur!*" innocently bawled the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

## *A Cocks-Comb.*

"Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that Chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his 'comb' with him."

## *Directions for Fainting.*

Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful therefore, never to risk a faint, unless you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or at a box at the Opera—or



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being taken to some *fete*—or any other little caprice which your husband may obstinately refuse you. In such cases hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

*Loose Girls.*

It is stated by some wiseacre, that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some lose theirs at sixteen.

*Eternity and a Halter.*

It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit: "My good fellow, you made a grasp at time, but you caught eternity!"

*Look out for Number 2.*

When you go out to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes,—they may fit your wife's second husband.

*Negro Wit.*

A planter in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much work left for the old man, the planter spoke to him one day, to the following effect:—"You have been a faithful servant, Sambo, to me, and my father before me. I have long had thoughts of rewarding you for your services. I give you now your freedom. You are your own master." The old negro listened attentively to this discourse; when it was concluded, he shook his grisly head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intentions, replied,—"No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must eat de bone."

*Soft Soap.*

Oh dear! Mr. F., "you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest you ever saw: you must be soft soaping." "Well, Madam, I think it needed *soap* of some kind."

*Billing and Cooing*

Married in Michigan, Mr. Henry Bills to Miss Mary Small. We hope the issuing of [illegible] is not prohibited in that State.

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### *A Lawyer's Hairs.*

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

### *A Squally Gal.*

"I'm afloat, I'm afloat!" screamed out a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "You are afloat, eh?" growled an old sea-dog; "I should judge you were afloat by the *squall* you raised.'

### *More truth than Poetry.*

Parson Green, an American preacher in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a barrel of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister, upon one occasion got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State Prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the governor, every one of them *would have been hung, a long time ago!*

### *Time to Leave off.*

A house-painter in this city grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

### *A regular Brick.*

As a dusty-looking 'colored child,' about 40 years of age, and from the country, was passing under a building being erected the other day, a brick came down, struck upon his head, and broke in two. He was stunned for a moment, but soon recovered sufficiently to get off the following, and leave those who had gathered around him in a roar of laughter—'I say, you white man up dar, if you don't want your bricks broke, jes keep 'em off *my* head!'"

### *Seeing the Elephant.*

When cousin Ichabod first saw him at the show, he exclaimed, with mute astonishment, "Then that's the real menagerer—the indentical critter itself! Wouldn't tew of 'em make a team to traw stun with! Aint he a scroger!" Ichabod went hum, and related what he had seen. "I seed," said

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he, "the genewine menagerer—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails—one behind and t'other before. Philosofiers call the fore'n a prenobscus. He put one of his tails into my pocket, and hauled out all the gingerbread, every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more."



FLYING COLORS.

*Love—Sugar.*

The shortest way to the heart, in childhood, is through the stomach. If you be would admitted quickly, knock with a sugar-stick. There is but one door—a kitchen door. Poets will tell you that the infant's first love is for its mother: all ballad trash! Mothers buy poetry, children don't. I should like to see the child that would prefer gazing into its mother's eyes to a pastrycook's window. Even if it does, it is merely because they remind it of bull's eyes How often do we call fearlessness—love! A woman may have a voice as sweet as music on the water, and her babe will cry on. But give it sugar it stops like an organ when pence are thrown. For sugar a child will either tell lies or truth. For sugar a child will become either the angel or the imp. Have you seen boys in a molasses cask? They flock to it as cats do to valerian. Isn't that proof enough children have no more hearts than young cabbages have? Feed them, and they grow. If you are fond of children (you may be) carry "sweet-stuff" with you, and they will crowd to you like flies to a grocer's window, and follow you as dogs do a cat's-meat barrow. Only don't tell me they love you—that's all.

*The End of the Tongue.*

A gentleman rode up to a public-house in the country, and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" 'I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

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THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH,

*Europe, Asia, Africa, America.*

## *Not to be Beat.*

A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good, that he beat his opponent on every point. At last the Englishman put a poser. "You will," he said, "admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours it a mountainous, yours a flat country. Now, if our hills were *rolled out flat*, we should beat you hundreds of miles!"

## *A Mouthful.*

Can any of our readers inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers can be larger than their heads?

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### *The Ingrate.*

The man in gaol who looked out of the window of his cell, and exclaimed: "This is a *grate* country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken *within bounds.*

### *A French Blower.*

A Frenchman got exceedingly angry with a waiter at an hotel. "You rascal!" exclaimed he, "*I blow your nose for you.*"

### *A Biddy-ism.*

"What on earth shall I do?" said Biddy; "Father Dominic orders for my Easter penance that I must say three Paternosters every morning, and I never learnt but one!"

### *The Water-cure.*

The young lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler, is convalescent.

### *Cow-lerha.*

A farmer who recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market, for short weight, gave, as a reason, that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to a cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

### *Feeling his Oats.*

A farmer, when flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing. "Thrashing wild oats," was his reply.

### *The Love-letter.*

"Sophia Maria, did you receive my letter?" "I did, Frederick." "I wrote it in hope of raising a flame" "Well, Frederick, and you succeeded, for I put it immediately on the fire."

### *P's and Pea Soup.*

Some lover of pea soup has perpetrated the following P-Qliarly alliterative stanza:—

### *Pea Soup.*

Of all the P's in Johnson's Dicnonary,
Pe-tard, Pe-ruse, Pe-ruke, Pe-titionary,
Pe-cock, Pe-culiar, Pe-dant and Pe-nal,

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Pe-remptory, Pe-nates, and Pe-tal,
Pe-cuniary, Pe-riphery, and Pe-rish,
Pe-rennial, Pe-trescent, Pee-vish;
The P I most approve of all the group,
Is Pea, the son of Pod, and sire of Soup.

*Similes.*

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lilly—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear;
As light as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—as uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven— as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle;
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

*A Tale of Pork.*

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

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### *A Spider on a String.*

Why would a spider be a good correspondent? **Because** he drops a line by every post.

### *Contradicted.*

The report that a Yankee had invented a machine for tak ing the noise out of thunder.

### *Ringing Praise.*

Why is a *belle* like a locomotive? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, says to the tender, pine knot, is often followed by a train, and passes over the plain.

### *Fishy.*

An anti-teetotaller accounts for his perpetual thirst from the fact that he was weaned in Lent, on salt fish.

### *Notice to Quit.*

Farly on a very cold morning a travelling profile-cutter called at the house of a wag, and enquired if he wanted a profile taken? "Yes," was the reply, "I want yours taken from my door."

### *Prompt Reply.*

A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he had pretended to have seen, answered, "How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in the *dead languages.*"

### *Pulling Teeth.*

A dentist presented a bill, for the tenth time, to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I have sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

### *A Buss-ter.*

"You seem animated by that fine scene, my dear Annie," said a lover. "No," said she, "I shall never be *Annie mated* till I am your wife, dearest;" and he gave her such a kiss hat Jemima vowed she thought somebody had hit against ur street-door with a life-preserver: it made such a noise.

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### *A Patient Attack.*

Nothing so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind, recorded of an eminent surgeon. He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, "Heavens, sir, I hope there is no danger?" "Indeed there is," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow dosn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

### *The Late Charles Mathews and Munden.*

Mathews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Mathews, 'I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer!" "Certainly, my boy," replied Joe Munden; "we'll exchange umbrellas." Mathews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

### *Next to Nothing.*

A man, not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another who he liked the best to hear preach? "Why," said he, "I like to hear Mr. —— preach best, because I don't like any preaching, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I I ever heard."

### *Alcohol.*

A clothes-brush celebrated for destroying the coat of the stomach.

### *A ready Answer.*

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he; "a novel is read because it is interesting, you are interesting because you are red."



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### *Women and Salmon.*

Oh, it's beautiful play that! You may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hooked, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and runs out the line, and whir-r-r! and then another hour's play before he gives in. Well, it's grand no doubt. It's very excitin'; but what's that sport to seein' a woman play her husband? The wife, too, is just such a gaudy lookin' fly as that which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked with, and got up just as nateral. Oh, how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game. Don't she enjoy it, the little dear, smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom, or swell her allerbaster neck, but as quiet and gentle throughout as one of the Graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names' too, you'd think she was courtin' a'most. But the honey makes the words stick and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meaning that makes poor hubby jump right on end, and when he roars with pain and rage, she lays down her pencil or her embroidery, and looks up with surprise, for she was occupied before and didn't notice nothing. Oh, what a look of astonishment she puts on!

### *Babies and Broomsticks.*

The "State of Matrimony" has at last been bounded and described by some Western student, who says: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other side. Its chief productions are population, broom-sticks, and staying out late o'nights. It was discov ered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west pas sage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you meet.

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NAUGHT I BOY.

"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has little failings, for none of us are perfect. He threw the cat in the fire, flung his grandmother's wig down the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee-pot to Jowler's tail, let off squibs in the barn, took my cap-bobbin for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye: but these were only childish follies—he's an excellent boy, after all."

## *The Biter Bitten.*

A few years ago, a farmer, who was noted for his waggery, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of calling at, on his way from Howton to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware

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that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, as was expected, and pussy was put upon the table among other cold dishes, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she "could not, for she had lost her." "What!" said he, "don't you know where she is?" "O yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it!"

### *Query?*

Spiggles wishes to know if war-*whoops* can be used to advantage in repairing old barrels.

### *Good Judgment.*

Judge a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an Englishman by his rotundity—a Scotchman by his shrug—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

### *A New Test.*

A young lady, a fervent believer in sympathy, magnetism, moving tables, &c., &c., after hesitating for some time between two aspirants for her favor, discovering that when one of her admirers joined her in the experiment, the table was moved ten minutes sooner than with the other, decided on accepting the hand of the former; this proving to her, satisfactorily, that there was more sympathy between them than between her and his less fortunate rival.

### *Boots, Boots.*

They tell a good story of an old-fashioned, wealthy codger. He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once: then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready, and went to the hotel to stop for the night.

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Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstance, giving him 10s. for the owner of the boots when he should call for them. The owner never called! The old gent had bought his own boots.

### *A Dough-head.*

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

### *First Impressions.*

A child, upon whom it would seem the examples made amongst the animal productions had not been lost, upon being taken to visit an aunt, recently confined with twins, raised the artless inquiry of "Which does dear aunty mean to keep?"

### *Sam Slick and the Quack Doctor.*

"Now, Mr. Slick, have you any more medical secrets of natur?" "I have," said I. "I can cure the jaundice in a few days, when doctors can make no fist of it, anyhow they can fix it; and the remedy is on every farm, only they don't know it. I can cure in an hour or two that awful ague in the face, that folks, 'specially women, are subject to; and can make skin grow when it is broken on the shin-bone, and other awkward places, even in the case of an old man, that doctors only make wus; and effect a hundred other cures. But that's neither here nor there, and I ain't a goin' to set up for a doctor; I didn't come to brag, but to larn. That is a great herbal cure you have got hold of, though—that's a fact," said I, "What are you going to call it?" "Sure and safe remedy for the dropsy," said he. "You won't sell a bottle," said I. "Simples will do very well inside (and the simpler they are the safer they be,) but not outside of patent medicines Call it 'The Vegetable Anasarca Specific,' an easy, safe, and

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speedy cure for anasarca, or dropsy in the skin; the ascites, or dropsy in the stomach; the hydrops pectoris, or dropsy in the breast; and the hydrocephalus, or dropsy of the brain. Put the first in gold letters on the labels, the second in green, the third in pink, and the fourth in blue. You must have a fine name to please the ear, a nice-looking bottle to please the eye, and somethin' that is perfumed and smells nice to please the nose. But everything is in a name. When I was in Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met an old nigger—which we call a Chesapeake nigger—one of them niggers Admiral Sir John Warrren was fool enough to give Bluenose to support. I was then about three miles out of the village. 'Well, Cato Cooper,' sais I, 'What little church is that standin' there?' Dat nigger church, massa,' said he. 'Built a purpose for niggers.' 'Well, I hope you go often?' 'Dat is jist what I do, massa. College students preach dere, and dere is one of de beautifullest preachers 'mong 'em you eber did hear respond a text. Oh! he splains it rail handsome. Nebber was nuffin like it, his sarmon is more nor half Latin and Greek, it are beautiful to hear sir, there ain't a nigger in de settlement don't go to listen to him; it's rail dictionary. He convarted me. I is a Christian now, since I know all blacks are to be received into the kitchen ob Heaven.' "Now, that nigger is a sample of mankind—big words looks larned, and please them." 'Well, I have a theory about that," said the quack captain. 'Mankind are gullible, that's a fact—they'll swaller anything a'most, if you only know how to talk 'em into it; that's the only secret, how to persuade 'em. Mankind live on promises." "Well," sais I, "gullible means taking things down like gulls, and they are awful hungry birds. They go screaming about the mud flat of the river in the basin of Minas, like mad, and swaller a whole herring, one after another without winkin'; and now and then a clam, shell and all, as fowls do gravel, to help digestion—but cover a herring over with your nasty stuff, and see if they wouldn't scream loud enough to wake the dead a'most. Tell them to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what you would give them, as you do when you play with the little dears, and as long as it is sweet and pleasant, they will swaller anythin'."

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THE ARMY AND NAVY.

## *Nautical Queries.*

A "Land-lubber" has deen ridiculous enough to question us as follows:—

Does a ship wear whalebone in her stays, and does she ever suffer from tight lacing?

Does her painter mix his own colors?

What scales do the sailors weigh the anchor with?

How many inches are there in her yards?

Is the jolly boat stouter than the rest?

Does the captain drive his lady round the deck in the gig?

Are all the victuals mixed together when the sailors have a mess?

Is their grog kept in the port-holes?

What do the sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

Is the gunwhale like a mermaid?

Do the sailors lash the masts with a whip?

Is the ship's companion a male or female?

Are her shrouds made of flannel?

When she answers her helm what does she say?

## *Sowing and Reaping.*

An Arabian having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

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CONFOUND IT! JUST TOO LATE—ANOTHER MINUTE AND I SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT IT.

[*Between ourselves, is it not quite as well he di dn't ?*]

## *The A. B. C. of Railway Management.*

A stands for Accidents, frequent, alas !
B for the Bungling which brings them to pass ;
C is for Cheapness, the sole end and aim
D of Directors, who're free from all blame ;
E for Expenses diminished by half
F by the Few servants kept on the staff;
G a slow Goods train, with one man to mind it ;
H a High-pressure express close behind it ;
I an Incline, where to stop takes so long ;
J is the Junction, with 'points' all turned wrong ;

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K is the Knowledge of danger a-head
L by the Lights turned (too late) on to red.
M is the Mystery how it took place;
N is the 'Nobody to blame in the case;'
O stands for Officers, sleepy or drunk;
P for the Permanent way which had sunk
Q in a Quagmire, o'er which it passed;
R for the Rails which were wearing out fast;
S for the Signal that drivers don't mind;
T for the Train some two hours behind;
U is a uniform safe rate of speed;
V a Velocity frightful indeed;
W 's the Wisdom (?) by which is directed
X an 'Xcursion train, quite unexpected;
Y is Yourself; if you travel, our measures
Z a new Zest will impart to your pleasures.

### *Ancient Cure for Gout.*

The following cure for gout is taken from an old work:—1st, The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition; 2d, he must wash it in an honest miller's pond; 3d, he must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous; 4th, he must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient; 5th, he must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; 6th, apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

### *Doctors and Divinity.*

There is a great deal of poetry, and a vast deal more of truth in the following:

God and the doctor we alike adore;
Just on the brink of danger, not before;
The danger passed, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted

### *Fond of Company.*

People who buy second-hand bedsteads.

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HAIR CUTTING IN THE PARISIAN STYLE.

*Barber*—"There, sir, is that short enough?"

## *The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog.*

Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility, yet when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it happened that one of Abner's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerable green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsh had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had since leaving his 'fader-land,' become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed

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so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from various sheepfolds on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world.

'Wal, Von, your dog's been killing my sheep.'

'Ya—dat ish bad—he ish von goot tog—ya—dat ish very bad.'

'Sartin it's bad, and you'll have to stop him.'

'Ya—dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht?'

'What's that you say, he was nicked? Wal, now look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop him—cut the tail close off—chock up to the trunk—that'll cure him.'

'Vat ish dat?' exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. 'Ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?'

'Sartain it will—he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world.'

'Then come mit me—he von mity good dog, all the way from Yarmany; I not take one five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail. Ich chop him off.'

'Sartain, I'll hold his tail if you want me to, but you must cut it up close.'

'Ya, dat ish right. Ich make him von goot dog. There, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep steal rashkul, I chop your tail in one two pieces.'

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested to lay it across a large block of wood.

'Chock up,' said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

'Ya, dat ish right. Now you von dam tief sheep, I learns you better luck,' and he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

'Wal I swow,' said Abner with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, 'that was a leetle too close.'

'Mine Cot!' exclaimed the Dutchman, 'you shust cut him off de wrong end.'

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A HEAVY SERF [SURF.]

### *Decline of Fortune.*

Unequal marriages are, it is true, seldom happy; but sometimes those which appear to be equal at the outset turn out no better. Baron Bolland, of tall memory, used to tell, that, in walking out near London one day, he saw an old wizzened Italian tramp on one side of the road, with two or three monkeys, and on the other, a rather buxom woman trudging along in the same manner with a tamborine. He was struck by the contrast, and, on entering into a chat with the lady, found she was the signor's wife, and asked her how she could marry that old man. "Oh, sir," said she, with a deep-drawn sigh, and a meaning glance at the questioner, "when I married him, he had a dromedary!"

### *Thunder and Lightning.*

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

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A MINCING YOUNG LADY.

## *A Rustic Rhyme.*

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and waked her: when, clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her—and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, "Take the sting out, I pray you!"
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you,
You'd have been as much puzzled as I

I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kissed her—the act was no wise one—
The sting found its way to my heart.

## *The Devil.*

A lady, who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told

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by the poor devotee that she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she thought she had better be civil to both.—What a politician in petticoats.

### *Smith Drunk, vs. Smith Sober.*

Smith, the razor-strop man, says: "When I drank grog I owned a cat, a poor, lean, lantern-jawed thing, that was always getting into scrapes. As I had nothing for her to eat she was compelled to take to the highway; and the neighbors were continually crying out, 'Cuss that Smith's cat, she's drunk all my milk.' Poor thing, she had to steal or die, for she could find no picking at home, for even the poor mice that were left were so poor and scraggy that it took several of them to make a shadow; and a decent cat would starve to death on an allowance of eighteen per day. But when I reformed, things took a different turn. The kitchen being well provided, the crumbs were plenty; and the old cat grew fat and honest together. Even the mice grew fat and oily, and the old tabby would make a hearty supper on two of them, and then lie down and snooze with the pleasing consolation of knowing that when she awoke there would be a few more left of the same sort. And again: when I was a beer guzzler, mother cried, father cried, Bill cried, Moll cried, and the cat cried. But when I signed the pledge father sung, mother sung, wife sung, Bill sung, Moll sung, Bet sung, the cat sung, and the kettle sung, and I bought a new frying-pan, and put a nice piece of beefsteak in it and placed it on the fire, and that sung, and that's the kind of singing for the working man.

### *An Inquiring Mind.*

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather sparely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean slab sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed "a most inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvering to get an opportunity to look in her face, he at length "caught her eye." He nodded familiarly to her, and asked, with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation, "In affliction?" "Yes sir," replied the lady. "Parents—father or mother?"

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"No, sir." "Child perhaps—a boy or a girl?" "No, sir *not* a child," was the response, "I *have* no children." "Husband then, "expect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum! —cholera? a tradin man—mebbe?" "My husband was a seafaring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera —he was drowned." "Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant. "Save his *chist?*" he asked. "Yes, the vessel was saved and my husband's effects," said the widow. "*Was* they?" asked the Yankee, his eye brightening up. "*Pious* man?" he continued. "He was a member of the Methodist Church." The next question was a little delayed, but it came; "Don't you think you got a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his *chist?*" "I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his "glittering eye," once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat, "*Was you calculatin to get married again?*"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent;" and she left the seat, and took another on the other side of the car. "'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umberel you have in your hand? It's a real pooty one!"

## *Babies.*

Baby-carts on narrow side-walks are awful bores, especially to a hurried business man. Are they? Suppose you, and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to win, were joint proprietors of that baby, I shouldn't dare to stand very near you and call it "a nuisance." It's all very well for bachelors to turn up their single blessed noses at these little dimpled Cupids; but just wait till their time comes! See 'em the minute their name is written "papa," pull out their dickies and strut down the street as if the state owed them a pension. When they enter the office, see their old partner (to whom babies have long since ceased to be a novelty) laugh in his sleeve at the new-fledged dignity with which that baby advent is announced. How perfectly astonished they feel that they should have been so infatuated as not to perceive that a

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man is a perfect cypher till he is at the head of a family! How frequently one may see them now looking in at the shop-windows with intense interest, at little hats, coral and bells, and baby-jumpers How they love to go home to dinner, and press the little velvet cheek to their business faces! Was there ever any music half so sweet to the ear as it first lisped "papa?" Oh, how closely and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils round the parent stem! How anxiously they hang over its cradle when the cheek flushes and the lip is fever-parched; and how wide, and deep, and how long a shadow in their happy homes its little grave would cast! My dear sir—depend upon it, *one's own baby is never a nuisance!* Love heralds its birth.

## *Advice to Young Ladies.*

If you have blue eyes you need not languish.

If black eyes you need not stare.

If you nave pretty feet there is no occasion to wear short petticoats.

If you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp, if you play well.

If they are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice rather speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high tone.

If you dance well, dance but seldom

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

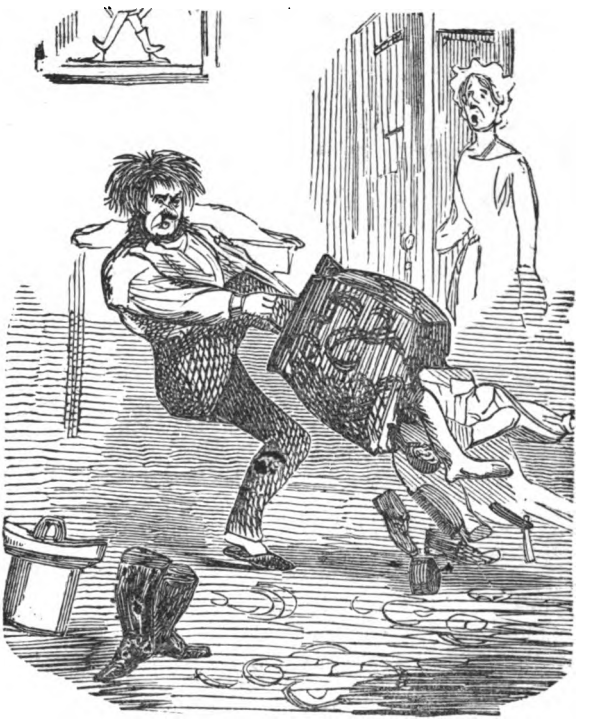
If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others

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'I'M BLOWED IF THIS BAG WILL EVER GET FULL!"

Had the above individual bought a copy of "*Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun*," the funniest book ever published, he would have seen how full a "carpet bag" might be got—and have saved his temper beside.

## *A Court Scene in Arkansas.*

Judge Q——, who is a man possessed of the usual quantum of judicial dignity, and never suffers it to be run over without a word of explanation from the offender, was administering



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justice in the town of ——. The court was proceeding rapidly in the dispatch of the public business with an unusual degree of quietude, except the steady peals of the full-toned and eloquent voice of Colonel W——, the zealous state's attorney, when, all at once, out in the street, hard by the court-house, a loud voice was heard making a horrid use of the Queen's English, and threatening great abuse of the human form divine, in this wise:—

"Jist hit me if you dare with that stick, and I wish I may be chawed up if I don't knock the death groans out of your ribs!"

This attracted the judge's attention, and caused the speaker to halt.

"Mr. Sheriff, bring that belligerent into court!" said the judge.

The sheriff obeyed, and brought in by the sleeve a liberal specimen of nature's works in the shape of a man about six feet four inches in his shoes, not a bad face, but indicative of an inordinate passion for fat beef and "bust-head."

"Is that the man raising that disturbance out doors?" said the judge.

"Well, I 'spose I is, if you call speaking in yearnest raising a fuss," replied the offender.

The judge commenced one of his moral lectures, for which he is so remarkable, strongly animadverting upon the great criminality of swearing, fighting, &c., &c., when the offender, with great earnestness spread over his countenance, something like a mixture of a laugh and a cry, interrupted him, and said—

"Stop, judge, and let me tell you the rale circumstance of it. I warn't the digressor. He drawed on me a stick full two feet over, and made circumlocutory motions about my head, and I jist congealed myself on to my dignity, and suspended myself on my rights—that's all."

This speech broke the thread of the judge's remarks, and for several minutes, with his under lip between his teeth, he turned over the leaves of his docket. At length he said—

"Let the gentleman retire for this time."

As the hero of this sketch passed out of the door, he was heard to say—

"Be jeemany, I cornered the judge that time."

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LIGHT READING!

*Stuck.*

During a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, a considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter? what is the matter? For Heaven's sake, tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest. After a short pause, a hoarse voice from the deck replied:—"Nothing, madam, nothing; only the bottom of the vessel and top of the earth are stuck together."

*Windy Divine.*

"Don t you think Rev. Mr. K. a preacher of great power?" asked a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded divine, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawling voice. "Yes, *high-drawl*-ic power," was the reply of the person addressed.

*Looking at a sheriff.*

A sheriff's officer was last week sent to execute a writ against a quaker. On arriving at the house he saw the quaker's wife, who in reply to the inquiry, whether her husband was at home, answered in the affirmative; at the same

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time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently some time, but the fair quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he should see her husband. 'Nay, friend, I promised that *he* would see *thee*. He has seen thee! He did not like my looks; therefore he avoided thee, and has left the house by another path."

### *Sheepish Pride.*

Sir Watkins William Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin. '*About this time the world was created!*'"

### *Fools and Blues.*

A wealthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue-stocking school;
"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered "my fair
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question!"



A STARE-CASE.

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### *Severe.*

'You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsey,' said a despairing lover to a truant lass. 'It can't do much harm, John, for it was an amazing *small piece* you had, any way.'

### *A Yankee in Love.*

Oh dear, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin' hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to shadders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—narvous flutterins—and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease. Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggers catch flies, to pass time—hearts and darts, cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for schoolboys and seminary girls; but for a man like me, and an angelliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, and heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'iled lighting.

### *This Side and That.*

An Irishman employed about a store in Boston, was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After a ten minutes' jollification, the caller left, when Pat's employer said to him:

'So Pat, you knew that chap in the old country?'

'Och, an' sure did I; an it's a lucky day I met wid him here. It's a fine boy he is, with all his family. His gran'father was a general himself, if he'd not com'd away.'

'But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him putting his fingers there rather slightly.'

Clapping his hand to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket book were missing.

'Murder!' cried he, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his sides, 'the thafe, the spalpeen, the coorse! I know him well with all his family. His gran'father was hanged and he'd hav' been hanged himself if he'd not run away.'

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## *Ode to an Old Violin, by a Poor Fiddler.*

Torn,
Worn,
Oppressed I mourn;
Bad,
Sad,
Three-quarters mad.
Money gone,
Credit none;
Billy whooping,
Betsey crouping,
Besides poor Joe,
With festered toe.
Come, then, my Fiddle,
Come my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet though transient solace send.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise;
A lively strain I touch,—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on Fancy's wings I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door;
Oblivious all, I feel my woes no more;
"Cheerily O, merrily go!
You very well know,
I will find music,
If you will find bow,
From E, up in alto, to G down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *adagio* solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally, while every health corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished, by the mellifluous air.
More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow
And Resignation mild soon smoothes my gentle brow.
*Reedy* Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauta may squall,
The serpent may grunt and the Trombone may bawl,
But by Poll, my old Fiddle is prince of them all.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie.
'Till called again to pipe thy master's eye.

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### *A Damp Subject.*

We overheard a poor weather-bound individual the other day, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a door-way :

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell,
There always comes a soaking shower
When I hain't got no umberell.

### *Matrimony and Friendship.*

The natur of matrimony is one thing, and the natur of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife ; a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal, for he can leave her to home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoying of himself to parties. A man that aint any music in him, likes it in his spouse —and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way.

Now friendship is the other way : you must like the same things, to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits and recreations—what they call congenial souls : a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter —and so on.

Matrimony likes contrasts ; friendship seeks its own counterparts.

### *Twins both at once.*

Mrs. Harris says 'her darter Jane was only married a little over a year when she had two boys, both sons.' Smart gal, that.

### *How to be safe.*

Doctor,' said a patient, after reading over the prescription of a celebrated friend of temperance whom ill health had compelled him to consult, 'Doctor, do you think that a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much ?'

'Why no, sir,' answered the doctor, deliberately, 'I do not know that a little—now and then—would hurt you very much —but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all.'

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## *Diamond cut Diamond; or, the Doers Done.*

A very singular affair came off in New York, about twelve or fifteen years ago. At an hotel in Broadway, famous for the excellence of its liquors, a little boy came in with a very flashy-looking ring, and wanted to dispose of it. Every one present examined the trinket, and a few thought much of it. It however struck the eye of a gentleman, who was known by the somewhat singular appellation of Squeaking Johnny.

'How much do you ask for that ring?' asked that individual.

'Five dollars.'

'I'll give you two dollars for it.'

'It's very hard,' said the boy, 'but I suppose I must take it.'

The two dollars were paid, the ring taken, and the boy departed.

The purchaser of the ring went home. His brother saw the bauble, admired it, and asked how much he would sell it for.

'Well Charley,' said he, 'I gave five dollars for it; it's worth a great deal more: you shall have it for seven.'

The bargain was struck, and the ring once more changed masters.

The next day Charles went to Harlem. There he met with a Mr. A., who also became exceedingly tickled with the ring, which, by the way, was a taking affair, showy, the setting most capital, and much taste displayed in the formation.

'What will you take for that ring?'

'Well, I don't particularly care about it; you shall have it dog cheap.'

'How cheap?'

'Twenty-five dollars.'

The matter was settled, and the ring passed into the hands of Mr. A.

The next day the last proprietor drove to town, and going into the store of a fashionable jeweller, he asked the value.

'It's worth one dollar and a half,' said the merchant.

Mr. A. was thunderstruck. Recovering himself, he said:—'Can you take out the stones, which of course are'———

'Paste, sir.'

'And insert the diamonds in their place?'

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'Yes.'

'How long will it take you, and how much will it cost?'

'I can do it in two or three hours, and it will cost forty dollars.'

'Do it as fast as you can.'

Within the given time the diamonds were substituted, and Mr. A. returned to Harlem.

On his arrival, he found the two brothers, and several New York bloods assembled. He was greeted with a low whistle, and divers gyrations of the fingers were performed by resting the thumb on the nose, which gave the fingers full latitude to perform all sort of circles in the air.

'How about that ring?' asked John.

'A very pretty ring,' said Mr. A. 'and a great bargain.'

'A great bargain!'

'Yes, the stones are diamonds.'

'I'll bet you a hundred dollars of it.'

'Why, you know, perhaps.'

'No, but I don't believe it, and I'll bet a hundred dollars they are not.'

'Done.'

'Done.'

The bet was taken by Mr. A. on one part, and the two brothers on the other.

'In what way shall we decide?' asked the two brothers.

'We'll leave it to any jeweller,' said Mr. A.

The party immediately set off for the city. On arriving at a jeweller's, the stones were pronounced diamonds. The brothers were not satisfied They wished to go to another jeweller.

'Are these diamonds?' asked John at the next store.

'I think they are, but I can't tell without filing them.'

'O, you must ask that gentleman, he is the proprietor.'

Mr. A. gave consent.

'Smash it to pieces,' said John.

The ring was filed.

'First rate diamonds,' said the jeweller.

The mortification of the brothers was great. Not so much at the loss of the wager, but at the fact of their parting with a diamond ring upon such easy terms.



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### *Practising for the Voyage.*

Some gentlemen cruising on a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat, containing two men and a woman, landed its passengers on the shore, and after a short time returned with them, inquired the reason. 'My man,' said he, 'what makes you come here every day? Is it that you like it?' 'Oh, your honor, not at all at all, but your honor, the wife and me's going out soon to Australy, and so we're just practising the say-sickness, that we may be used to it when we start.' 'Well, and do you find yourself improving?' 'Ah, sure, your honor, the wife's sick every day, but she's getting on purtily, anyhow!'

### *Hogs and Gentlemen.*

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: 'Massa makes de black man workee—makes de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog; he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a gentleman.'

### *Honesty is the best policy.*

A female servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a four-penny piece on the carpet, which she carried to the owner. 'You may keep it for your honesty,' said he, chucking her under the chin. A short time after he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'And what did you do with it?' 'Kept it for my honesty, sir.' The old bachelor grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and vanished.

### *Sheepish.*

A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. 'Well,' said she, kindly taking him by the hand, 'I'll keep one of them.'

### *Age and Wisdom.*

Mrs. Smithers says that the person who has not been a grandmother, knows nothing of the anxieties of this life. It bad enough to have a drunken husband, but when you

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come to compare that affliction with two generations of croup, whooping cough, measles, prickly heat, and hive syrup, you elevate a sprained ancle to the dignity of a broken leg, and class tooth aches with 'apple-plexy.'

### *A Rakish Patient.*

A dentist, whose skill at teeth pulling is well known, was recently called upon by a wag carrying an old garden rake. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I want you to pull a couple of teeth for me.' 'Very well,' replied the doctor, 'take a seat in that chair, and show me the teeth.' 'Well, doctor,' said the wag, 'I want you to pull these two broken teeth out of this rake!' For a moment the doctor was nonplussed by the joke, but, recovering himself, replied: 'Well, let me have it; I might as well take the teeth from one rake as another.' He did so, and demanded his fee.



'HOME, SWEET HOME,' *A moving scene.*

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### *Domestic Definitions.*

*Home*—The place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves.

*Wife*—The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off.

*Baby*—A thing on account of which its mother should never go to the opera, consequently need never have a new cap.

*Dinner*—The meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at one or half-past six.

### *Sneezing Grammar.*

Upon coming into the office, the other day, we asked an ancient 'P.D.' his rule of punctuation. Said he—'I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period. We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

### *Pork and Tobacco.*

A tradesman advertises 'Ham and Cigars, smoked and unsmoked, for sale.'

### *Going! Going!*

An Auctioneer exclaimed—'Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, I am giving these things away!' 'Are you?' said an old lady; 'well, I will thank you for the silver pitcher you have in your hand.'

### *All Right.*

A prisoner being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. 'Hold up your right hand,' said the clerk. 'Please your honor,' said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up—'Please your honor, I am left handed!'

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A DISTINGUISHED SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI—'*Half Horse and half Alligator.*'

## *Turn over and Oblige.*

We find a capital anecdote going the rounds without credit, of a merchant entering his office in the morning, and finding his boy, Bobby, attempting to throw all sorts of somersaults, and kicking up a great rumpus. 'What are you about?' asked the merchant, looking astonished at the wild evolutions of the boy. 'Obliging my girl, sir,' replied the almost exhausted youth. 'She's writ me a beautiful letter, and at the bottom of the page says, 'turn over and oblige,' and I've been going it for more 'n half an hour.'

## *Work and Play.*

I ask again what is happiness?—It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman was ever happy since the world began. Employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness

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is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labor and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness: one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has at all events sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers: one is a misfortune, the other is a curse, and money ain't happiness—that's as clear as mud.

*The true Mahometan Spirit.*

A certain good-natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that state, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead. 'Is he?' said the old man; 'well he always was a breachy cuss. Take his hide off, and carry it down to Fletcher's—it will bring the cash.' An hour or so afterwards, the man came back with the news that 'line back' and his mate were both dead. 'Are they?' said the old man; 'well, I took them of B——, to save a bad debt that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindles. Take the hides down to Fletcher's—they will bring the cash.' After the lapse of another hour the men came back again to tell him that the nigh brindle was dead. 'Is he?' said the old man; 'well, he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's, it is worth cash, and will bring more than any two of the others.' Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious soul, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment, of heaven upon him for his wickedness. '*Is it,*' *said the old fellow;* '*well, if they will take the judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay for it.*'

*Return Ticket from the Devil.*

'Jack,' newly off a voyage, and elevated with a glass of grog, is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger in a railway carriage, in which was a clergyman. Jack was not scrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman in a solemn tone expressed his fear that the young man was on the road to the devil. 'Well, it don't matter much,' replied Jack, 'I have got a return ticket!'

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## *Wise Saws.*

We have ever found, that blacksmiths, by conversing with them, are more or less given to *iron*-y, and somewhat addicted to *vice*. Carpenters, for the most part, speak plainly, but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are bores, and often annoy one with their old *saws*.

### *Some samples of the "Sex."*

Ever ranging, constant changing;
Sometimes pleasing, sometimes teasing
Sometimes coaxing, sometimes hoaxing,
No expressing how much dressing;
Little knowing, little sewing;
Little walking, greatly talking;
Mischief making, promise breaking;
Duty shirking, hating working;
Novel reading, dainty feeding;
Idle dreaming, sudden screaming;
Lap-dog doating, Byron quoting;
Piano playing, gems displaying;
Body bracing, tightly lacing;
Over-sleeping, often weeping;
Dandy loving, white kid gloving;
Thin shoes wearing, health despairing
Daily fretting, sickness getting;
Ever sighing, almost dying;—




What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!

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### *Irish Idea of Music.*

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey who was making 'day hideous' with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: 'It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld!'

### *Two Sharps.*

An old man picked up a half-a-dollar in the street. 'Old man, that's mine,' said a keen-looking rascal, 'so hand it over.' 'Did yours have a hole in it?' asked the old man. 'Yes,' replied the other, smartly. 'Then, it is not thine,' mildly replied the old man; 'thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy.'

### *Two Dilemmas.*

No. 1.—A rhetorician had instructed a young man in the art of pleading, on condition that he was to be renumerated only in case his pupil should gain the first cause in which he was engaged. The youth immediately brought an action against his teacher, of which the object was, to be freed from the obligation which he had contracted, and then endeavored to perplex his instructor with this dilemma:—'If I gain my suit,' he said, 'the authority of the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose, I am exonerated by our contract.' The rhetorician answered by a similar dilemma:—'If you gain your suit, you must pay me according to our contract; if you lose the suit, you must pay in compliance with the decision of the court.'—No. 2.—A just but severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whither he was going; if he answered truly, he passed unharmed: if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, answered—'I am going to be hanged on the gallows.' 'Now,' said the gallows-builder, 'if I hang this man, he will have answered this truly, and ought not to have been hanged, if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged.' It is not recorded what decision he came to.

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### *Striking a Woman.*

It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the great truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

### *Inquisitiveness Largely Developed.*

Among others, illustrative of this peculiarity, Sir Charles Lyell gives the following story of a New Englander who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said—'Are you a bachelor?' 'No, I'm not,' replied the other, dryly. 'You are a married man?' continued he. 'No, I'm not.' 'Then you must be a widower?' 'No, I'm not.' Here there was a short pause, but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing, 'If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?' 'If you must know, said the other, 'I'm a divorced man!' Sir Charles tells another story, of a gentleman, who, being asked, in a stage-coach, how he had lost his leg, made his fellow-travellers promise that if he told them, they would put no more questions on the subject. He then said—'It was bitten off.' To have thus precluded them for the rest of a long journey from asking how it was bitten off, was a truly ingenious mode of putting impertinent curiosity on the rack.

### *Determined to have a Quiet Week.*

A bickering couple, residing near Manchester, were recently overheard in high controversy, when the repentant benedict exclaimed—'I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!' 'But how wilt thou get it?' said his spouse, with that iteration which some married ladies so provokingly practise. 'I will keep thee a week after thou art dead,' was the tender rejoinder.

### *Greek Names.*

A postmaster, while puzzling out a very uncertain superscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. 'Ah! yes,' replied the Irishman, but they git a divilish sight harder ones after they come here.'

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A COLORED FRONTISPIECE.

## *Moses and Oysters.*

A parson reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The parson read as follows:—'Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people.' The clerk, misunderstanding him, spoke thus:—'Moses was an oyster-man, and made ointment for the shins of his people.

## *Caining a Husband.*

'I believe mine will be the fate of Abel,' said a devoted wife to her husband one day. 'How so?' inquired the husband. 'Because Abel was killed by a club, and a club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night.'

## *Sams and Hims for Maids.*

A maiden lady, suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs? 'Oh, no, ma'am,' replied the girl, 'it was only me singing a psalm!' 'You may amuse yourself, Betty,' replied the maiden, 'with psalms, but let's have no hims, Betty I have a great objection to hims.' Betty curtsied, withdrew and took the hint.

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A FREE AND EASY



'WELL, AS YOU PARTICULARLY WISH IT, I'LL DO MY BEST.'

(*Sings.*) 'THA 'ART BOW-WOWED DOWN—WITH WA 'IT OF WOO-OE!'

## *Quandaries.*

Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologise. Crossing the road until you reach the middle, when you perceive a gig coming one way and a cab another; so that if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both. Having one foot on a steamboat that is starting, and the other on a dumb lighter, and considering which you shall stick to. Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on two cane-bottomed chairs. Seeing a mad bull making towards you, and having the choice left of throwing yourself into a horsepond, or of being gored by the animal in question. Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady or of being shot by the young lady's brother. Meeting your tailor and his sister at a ball; being distant and cutting him, by which you stand a chance of having a writ or

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of playing the agreeable, through which means you secure another suit. Having a heavy bill coming due, with no funds to meet it; and considering which you had better take—arsenic, or the benefit of the act. Dining at a friend's house, where you must either drink wine till you become intoxicated, or refrain till you become disagreeable. Being reduced to your last shilling (which is a suspicious looking one); so that you are at liberty to pass it, at the hazard of being taken as a smasher, or to keep it, with the certainty of being starved. Coming to four cross roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two, and inquire your way. Getting entangled in a tree, from which you may drop and break your neck, or wait till some one comes and takes you down. Being blandly informed by a surgeon that you can either have your leg amputated, or leave it alone and die in a few days. Finding yourself 'called out;' fighting and being called an ass, or delcining, and being stigmatized as a coward. Seeing a man by your bedside in the middle of the night; so that you may either smother yourself with the bedclothes, or allow him to do it with a plaister.

## *Bear faced Proceeding.*

Many years ago a certain sum of money was offered by the authorities of one of the Western States, for every bear's head that was produced The new pursuit thus opened was followed with alacrity by a good many woodsmen, but to none did it appear so profitable as to certain citizen, highly distinguished for his intelligence, but not hitherto remarkable for excellence in sportmanship. At last the steady and increasing supply of bears' heads from this quarter attracted some close inquiry, when it was discovered that the producer *had been privately breeding the animals* to a very large extent!

## *Ladies' Talk.*

The cause of ladies, teeth, decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, has been usually attributed to the friction produced by the action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with some gallantry, and perhaps with equal truth, that it is owing to the *sweetness of their lips*, as it is a fact well established by popular belief, that *sweet things spoil the teeth.*

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### *Man Doubled.*

A correspondent, who signs herself 'Sophia,' says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W-O-M-A-N—double you, O man!

### *Printing versus Publishing.*

A young lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing; and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, you may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it.

### *Marriage, death on the girls.*

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, 'Well, Lucy, where do you live now?' 'Please ma'am, I don't live now, I'm married,' replied the girl.

### *Paying Attention.*

'I wish you would pay a little attention, sir,' exclaimed a stage-manager to a careless actor. 'Well, sir, so I am paying as little attention as I can,' was the calm reply.

### *The Chapter of Misses.*

The dear little Misses we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken,
And when a man's taking a *Miss* for his wife,
He is *Miss-led* as well as well as *Miss-taken.*
When I courted *Miss* Kidd, and obtained the first kiss,
I thought, in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd make a great *hit* in gaining a *Miss,*
But 'twas only a *Miss-calculation.*

For so many *Misses* surrounded *Miss* Kid,
With me and my love interfering,
A jealous *Miss-trust* put it into her head
That she ought not to give me a hearing.
There's a certain *Miss-chance* that I met with one day
Who near sent my hopes to destruction,
For she had a suspicion of all I might say—
And all owing to one *Miss-construction.*

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Deceived by a *Miss-information*, I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding,
*Miss-direction* prevented her getting the note,
And introduced *Miss-understanding*.
When to make her my wife, I exultingly swore,
*Miss-belief* made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to *Miss-fortune*, before
I could wean her from *Miss-apprehension*.

But when she no longer would yield to *Miss-doubt*
Nor be led by *Miss-representation*,
She had with *Miss-like* a serious fall out,
And to wed felt no more hesitation.
But when at the church to be married we went,
*Miss-take* made the fat parson linger,
And I was so annoyed by an awkward *Miss-fit*,
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so *Miss-used*, I kept a strict watch,
Though I still lived in fear of *Miss-Carriage*,
I found out, too late, that an unlucky *Miss-match*
Interfered with the joys of our marriage.
*Miss-rule* in our dwelling made everything wrong,
*Miss-Management* there took her station,
Till the cash, like the time I take writing my song,
Was all wasted by *Miss Application*.

## *Outside Critic.*

In a country playhouse, after the play was over, and most wretchedly performed, an actor came upon the stage to give out the next play. 'Pray,' said a gentleman 'what is the name of the piece you have played to-night?' 'The Stage Coach, sir.' 'Then let me know when you perform it again that I may be an outside passenger.'

## *Miseries of Authors.*

'Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my table there?' 'Only the paper what's written all over, sir; I ain't touched the clean.'

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### *Stuffed Goose.*

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Stuff their coats with pleats and puffing,
But this is very apropos,
For what's a *goose without the stuffing !*

### *A Deck Passenger.*




CAUTION TO LADIES WHO LIKE TO OCCUPY THE SEAT NEXT THE DOOR.

### *Worse and no better.*

'So you would not take me to be twenty !' said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago 'What would you take me for then ?' 'Better or worse,' replied he

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## *The Georgia Major in Court.*

His honor the Mayor was in the discharge of his officia. functions on last Saturday evening, the business before him consisting of two several charges of assault and battery, to both of which our friend, the ubiquitous 'Georgia Major,' was the respondent.

'Do you plead guilty to the charge of assaulting the Rev. Mr. Williams?' asked the Mayor of the defendant.

'I do; that is to say—'

'Then I fine you ten dollars,' said the Mayor.

'That is to say,' continued the Major, 'I plead guilty; but if there's any way to get off from the fine, I should like very much to do it.'

'Doubtless,' observed his honor.

'I will make a statement, or, as you say, a defence—um—a few remarks.'

The court nodded permission.

'You see, Williams came up to me, and spoke something to me, and said I, 'you d——d rascal, pull off your hat when you speak to me,' said the Major, throwing himself into a military attitude.

'That's enough; ten dollars and costs,' said his honor. The Major bowed gracefully.

Proceeding now to the second charge, his Honor asked the defendant if he would plead guilty again. Not he! He would make a statement, though, in relation, or in respect to, or regarding the manner of the second fight.

'I was in the person's store who fought me, searching for one of the silver eyes which had dropped out of my walking-cane in the previous fight, when that person ordered me out.

'Sir,' said I, 'you must talk softly—dam'd softly, when you address me, sir.' Upon this, that person struck me with a shillet, sir,—an iron skillet, sir—in the face.' Here the Major pointed to his face, the nasal feature of which bore some purplish streaks that beautifully varied it's usual rich ruby. 'And then, sir, I fell, staggered and fell, as I returned the blow with my cane. Immediately a crowd jumped upon me, till they were pulled off—they didn't whip me, though; that can't be done!' Here he stopped and looked around—(by-the-by, we thought we heard the Major 'holler.')

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A witness being called and examined, corroborated the Major's statement, except as to the crowd's having jumped upon him. No one interfered with the combatants. The witness stated, in addition, that the Major had contrived to hide his head under the side of a hogshead, so as to protect it very effectually.

The Major cross-examined.

'You say nobody touched me but that man?' pointing to his antagonist.

'Nobody.'

'Wasn't the crowd all against me?' again asked the hero.

'The crowd thought you deserved a whipping for striking an inoffensive man, a minister of the gospel,' replied the witness very quietly.

'Didn't they tell that man to whip me well?'

'Yes.'

'And didn't he: that is—

'Didn't he *do it*, you mean to ask! Yes, he did, nicely.'

The Major now 'pulled up.' He had been deceived, his imagination had led him into error, completely carried him off; had transformed an individual, not over the weight of a hundred and fifty pounds, into a large crowd, or at least had furnished it with Briarean facilities for a 'rough and tumble scrummage.'

'Well, well,' said the Mayor: 'as I have already fined you ten dollars, and as it seems in this case you got a pretty good whipping, I reckon I must discharge you as to this.'

'Whipping!' ejaculated the Major, becoming positively tragic in his air; 'whipping, is that a part of your sentence—that I got whipped. Sir, I'd rather be fined five hundred dollars than have that entered on the record: it *wasn't* done! I, sir, have never been whipped. *Angels* couldn't whip me.' And the Major loomed majestically about the room.

'If it *ain't* been done, it *kin* be done,' said somebody in the crowd; whereupon our friend collapsed into his original dimensions, in the folding of a peacock's tail, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, quietly retired.

## *A Set-to.*

A correspondent entered an office, and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied, 'I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter.



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AN I-DEAL PORTRAIT OF OUR ARTIST FROM LIFE.

## *Lemon Tick.*

An Irish story, by Burke, is as follows: A squire, with hardly any means, used to entertain the militia and others in his neighborhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to those fellows when whiskey punch would do just as well, she answered. 'You're right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the lemons?'

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### *A Witness.*

Some time ago there was a trial under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiotcy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: 'Mr. ——, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Does he know anything?' 'Very little.' 'How *much* does he know?' 'Well, almost nothing; not much more than *you* do. The witness was allowed to retire without further question, amidst the most uproarious 'skreems of laughter.'

### *A Precocious Youth.*

'We were rusticating a few days since at a farm-house,' says a Western editor, 'and invited a young lady to favour us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gent, of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned, and placed an egg on the music stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied, that it was 'the lay of the last minstrel,' and that the composer was singing in honor of her production in the fowl-house.'

### *Reasonable.*

'Why did Adam bite the apple?' said a schoolmaster to a country lad. 'Because he had no knife,' said the urchin.

### *The Clergy and vittals.*

A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked: 'What is the matter, my little fellow?' The boy replied, 'We could hardly get enough to eat before, and now there's another one come!' 'Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears,' said the clergyman: 'and remember that He never sends mouths without he sends victuals to put into them.' 'I know that,' said the boy; 'but then all the mouths comes to our house and the victuals to your house.'

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### *Liver and Lights.*

Tom, taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
He observed, ' 'Tis a big one, with windows too few.
' As for that,' replied Tim, ' I'm the builder's forgiver,
For taxes 't will save, and that's good for the *liver*.'
' True,' says Tom, ' as you live upon farthings and mites,
For the *liver* 'tis good—but 'tis bad for the *lights*.'

### *Pa and Ma.*

Why is the letter D like a squalling brat? Because it makes Ma Mad. Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift? Because it makes Pa Pay.

### *Beautiful Scene.*

Night is upon the earth. Darkness is in the valley and upon the hill top.

But the moon rising and clearing away the clouds, dispels the gloom. As she rolls upward the stars gather around her. Come with me and look upon a scene of intensely exciting interest. * * * *

Enter this chamber softly—it is the sanctuary of innocence—the abode of love and peace. Bending beside a table behold a maiden—a blooming girl of seventeen—on her knees. Her cherry lips move, her graceful form is anxiously swaying to and fro. She is laboring under an excitement.

The cool airs gush in upon her through the lattice. She is strengthened. Could we view a more interesting picture?

' Ah!'

Was that a word or long drawn sigh? List again.

' Ah!'

Can she be unconscious of our presence? Her hand gropes upon the floor. Has she lost a jewel? Her dark eye in wild frenzy flashes. The sweet smile has vanished from her features. But lo! it returns in triumph. She speaks!

' Mary! Mary!—*I've killed that old flea at last!*'

### *A Prompt Answer.*

A New York monitor asked a young pupil the meaning of 'the wages of sin is death.' The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked 'what his father get on Saturday night?' 'Drunk' was the answer.

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WHY, BOBBY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN AND DONE, TO GET YOUR HAIR CUT WITH A KNIFE AND FORK?

## *Western Fines.*

In one of the courts out west, a juryman being called, and not answering, the usual notice that he would be fined was pronounced against him; upon which a person who stood by, said to the court: 'You may fine him as much as you please, but I don't think that you will recover the fine, for I saw him buried about a week ago.'—(This is not so good as the Scotch story. On the person's name being called, an old man rose and said, 'It's nae use, he's gane.' 'Gone,' replied the official, 'where to?' 'I dinna knaw,' retorted the cautious Scot but he's dead.')

## *Fun and Fact.*

'Those sewing machines are great inventions,' said a friend to a wag. 'Yes, sir,' he replied' 'sow it seems.'

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### *Birch practice in England.*

Passing some north country English villages, a person for amusement inquired of the school children, 'When you are naughty, what does the master do to you?' The following different answers were received at different places: 'He mills us; he crumps us; he raps us at the top o' th' heeud; he bastes us; he mumps us; he fettles us; he winds us.'

### *A Wise Priest.*

A German priest was walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing on the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance he would pass on, saying, 'Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure.'



TWO DONKEYS CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

### *The Arms of California.*

The poet-laureate of the gold country has thus immortalized its arms:—

Two posts *standant*,
One beam *crossant*,
One rope *pendant*,
And a knave on the *end on't*.

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### *Token of Affection.*

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

### *Stealing a Dictionary.*

A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon his originality was startled one day by a friend coolly telling him that every word of his favorite discourse was stolen from a book he had at home. The astonished writer begged for a sight of this volume. He was, however, released from his misery by the other smilingly announcing the work in question to be *Johnson's Dictionary*, 'where,' continued his tormentor, 'I undertake to find every word of your discourse.'

### *Conjugal Affection.*

A woman went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions—one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them, and the apothecary replied it was so much for the man and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she had not money enough, reflected for a moment, and said—'Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow.'

### *Light on the Subject.*

Who is the lightest man in the world? The Frenchman.—Who is the heaviest? The German.—Who is the most serious? The Englishman.—Who is the most vivacious?—The Swiss. Who is the proudest? The Spaniard,—Who is the most humble? The Russian.—Who is the most enterprising? The Pole.—Who is the widest awake? The American.—Who is the sleepiest? The Hottentot.

### *Hooked.*

'I really can't sing, believe me, sir,' was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty fop. 'I am rather inclined to believe, madam,' rejoined he, with a smirk that you are fishing for compliments.' 'No, sir,' exclaimed the lady, 'I never fish in so shallow a stream.'

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## *A Current Story.*

Curran was a rare wit, but even *he* sometimes met his match. He was once examining a cross-grained, ugly-faced witness, from whom he sought to obtain a direct answer. At length he exclaimed, 'It's no use trying to get the truth out of you, for I see the villain in your face!' 'Do you, sir?' retorted the man, with a smile, 'why then it must be so: faix, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before!'

## *Three chances for a Wife.*

When a man has three chances for a wife, it is a hard mischance if he should fail. The following is one of those cases which might have occurred 'down east;' but it is doubtful if a similar event was ever known in any other part of the world. 'I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married. Well, while we was going to the deacon's, I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins' new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well, when we got to the deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband? 'No,' says she. 'Reason?' says I. 'Why,' says she, 'I've taken a mislikin, to you.' Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawfully-wedded wife, says I: 'No, I shan't do no such a thing.' 'Why,' says Deb, 'what on airth is the matter.' 'Why,' says I, 'I have taken a mislikin' to you now.' Well, then, it was all up again, but I gave her a new apron, and a few other trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected then we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us! and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said: 'No I shan't dew any such thing.' 'Why, what on airth is the reason? says we. 'Why,' says he, 'I've taken a mislikin' to both on you.' Deb burst out cryin,' the deacon burst out scoldin', and I burst out laughin', and sich a set of regular busters you never did see.'

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*A Saw-cy Boy.*

'Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?' said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. 'All but the hand-saw, sir,' replied the lad, promptly; 'I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that.'

*Gravity.*

'Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?' 'That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think.' 'And why so?' 'Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity.'

*A Doubt.*

Dr. James Hamilton was sent for once in great haste by Lady P——, to see a little favorite monkey, which was almost suffocated with its morning feed. When the doctor entered the room he saw only her ladyship, her young son (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and



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his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coldly to Lady P——, 'My lady, *which* is the monkey?'

*Good Retort.*

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. 'My love,' said he, 'I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by and by.' 'And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too,' she replied, 'for I will arise and go to my father;' and accordingly off she went.

*A Fair Exchange.*

The mistress of a dame school, speaking of her pupils, honestly declared, 'It is but little they pays me, and it is but little I teaches them.'

*Taking the Waters.*

Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. 'It's very odd,' said Sir W.; 'but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of.' The lady, furnished with the letter, set off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling, as usual, very nervous, she said to her *confidante*, 'Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter, and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician.' In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read, 'Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again.'

*Whiskers and Wisdom.*

'John, what is a gentleman?' 'Stub-toe boots, short-tail and a high shirt collar.' 'What is the chief end of a gentleman?' 'His coat tail.' 'What is the work of a gentleman? borrow money, to eat large dinners, to go to the opera to petition for an office.' 'What is a gentleman's first towards himself?' 'To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons to raise a huge pair of whiskers.'

*Rewiveing.*

Everything has its ludicrous point of view, and funny incidents occur even on such *grave* occasions as funerals. A cer-

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tain Cockney Blue Beard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. 'What shall we do with him?' asked a perplexed friend of his. 'Let him alone,' cried a waggish bystander, 'he'll soon *rewive!*'

### *A grave Subject.*

A manufacturer of tombstones, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stonecutter had prepared for another person. 'I like this one,' said he. 'But,' said the manufacturer, 'that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it wouldn't do for your mother.' 'O yes, it would,' said the countryman, 'she could'nt read! And besides,' he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stonecutter, 'Perry was always a favorite of hers, anyhow!'

### *Helped to a Rib.*

'What shall I help you to?' enquired the daughter of a landlady of a modest youth at the dinner table. 'A wife,' was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

### *Six feet in Boots.*

'Go-way!' said Muggings, 'you can't stuff sich nonsense in me. *Six-feet in his boots!* Bah! no man as lives stands more ner *two* feet in his boots, and no use talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat!'

### *Marriage and Bones.*

'My son,' said an affectionate mother to her son, (who resided at a distance, and intended in a short time to get married,) 'you are very thin.' 'Yes, mother,' he replied, 'I am; and when you see me next, I think you may see my *rib.*'

### *A Fall Out.*

A newly-married couple riding in a carriage were overturned, whereupon a stander-by said it was 'a shocking sight.' 'Yes,' said a gentleman, 'to see those just wedded 'fall out' soon.'

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### *A Moving Paragraph.*

The first hour a person spends at sea is commonly devoted to admiring man's triumph over the deep—the next in admitting that the deep is gradually triumphing over him. 'Steward, where's my room? I begin to feel as if I should very soon need a little weak brandy, or a good deal of tin basin.'

### *Coming to a h ad.*

Some lone bachelor editor is guilty of the following:—Why is the head of a lover like the sea serpent?—Because it is a secreter (sea creeter) of great sighs (size).

### *Women and whistle.*

A man who can whistle may, to any extent, defy his wife. What, under the dome of heaven, is more vexatious to her than to hear an irreverent whistle while she is intent on vocally estimating the moral deficiencies of her husband? Not alone does it close the summary, but it vanquishes the summarian. Husbands! try it! You'll hear a curtain lecture never more. That whistling was contemplated by a benignant Nature in the soberest of moods, is apparent from the fact, that it is unequally distributed. It is a gift; an endowment; an afterthought; a kind of codicil added by the dame after she had made her general bequests.

### *A rum affair.*

'Jim, have you seen Hall, he's looking for you?' 'Hall! what Hall?' was Jim's answer. 'Why alcohall, to be sure!' 'Pshaw,' responded Jim, 'that's a poor 'sell,' and you wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't been hurt last night when John tripped me up.' John—what John?' said Jim, Demi-john, you numskull.' (Jim mizzled).

### *Cheap Steak.*

'My dear, what shall we have for dinner to-day?' 'One of your smiles,' replied the husband; 'I can dine on that any day.' 'But I can't' said the wife. 'Then take this,' said he, giving her a kiss, and departed for his office. He returned to dinner. This steak is excellent,' said he, 'what did you pay for it?' 'What you gave me this morning,' said she.

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### *Compulsory Enjoyment.*

A gentleman who frequented the circus, noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening, and accosted him: 'My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?' 'I can't keep awake,' rejoined the other; 'it is such a bore to see them doing the same things every night.' 'But why do you come?' 'O, I can't help it—*I must come—I've got a season ticket!*'

### *A corned Paddy.*

'My dear, come in and go to bed,' said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly 'how-come-you-so' state. 'You must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles.' 'Arrah! get away wid your nonsense,' said Pat; 'it wasn't the *length* of the way that troubled me, at all—'twas the *breadth* of it.'

### *Love.*

A little sighing, a little dying, and a deal of lying.

Say wherefore is it lovers' lies
Cause to the world such vast surprise,
When every common fool must know,
That Cupid ways drew a bow.

### *A Duck of a Fellow.*

A pickpocket who had been *ducked* for his mal-practices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *watering place!*

### *A close Rub.*

'See there!' exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. 'Look at that hole, will you. You see that if it had been a *low*-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright!'

### *Finding a Verdict.*

'Jury,' said a western judge, 'you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, git the one the last jury used.' They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

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### *Precocious.*

'Mother, you musn't whip me for running away from school any more.' 'Why?' 'Because my school-book says that *ants* are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a *tru-ant?*'

### *A Stock Sermon.*

A young man on the eve of going out to Australia heard his father preach a sermon from the text, 'Adam, where art thou?' On his return after a long absence, he went on the first Sunday, as was but proper, to his father's church when the old gentleman read out the same text, 'Adam, where art thou?' 'Mother,' said the son, who was somewhat of a wag, 'has my father not formed Adam *yet?*'

### *Fire Away.*

'If you don't accept my challenge I shall post you in the papers.' 'Go ahead,' said the other, 'I had rather fill a dozen papers than one coffin.'

### *On a Picture of Hero and Leander.*

(BY TOM HOOD.)

Why, Lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over?*

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping?*

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter?*

Why, Maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair,
When he's on the *landing?*

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### *Grease for King's Evil.*

A lady inquiring what kind of oil was used in anointing the king at a coronation: 'Why, madam,' replied the interrogated, 'judging from the number of attendants, I should say it was *train*-oil.'

### *An Irish Shot.*

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time, and killed him, An Irishman observed: 'They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him.'

### *Suett vs. Tallow.*

'The candles you sold me last were very bad,' said Suett, to a tallow-chandler. 'Indeed, sir, I am sorry for that.' 'Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then *burn no longer*.' 'You surprise me; what, sir, did they go out?' 'No, sir, no; they *burnt shorter*.'

### *Sullied Ladies.*

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite. 'Ah,' says he, 'she has a mouth like an elephant.' 'Oh, oh, Mr. Sully, how can you be so rude?' 'Rude, ladies! rude! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory.'

### *Snuff and Stuff*

A gentleman, wishing to be considered a perfect phraseologist and gallant, had occasion to ask a lady, one evening, to hand him the snuffers, thus addressed her; 'Will your lady' ship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digesters in order that the refulgent brightness of that nocturnal luminary may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently?'

### *Cure for Lisping.*

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following, is said by a provincial paper to be an infallible cure for lisping:—'Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. That is, says Nobbs, the worse for Hobbs' jobs, and Snobbs' sobs.'

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### *Black Coffins.*

During the war, Sir Isaac Coffin visited Dartmoor prison, for the purpose of releasing all the American prisoners who bore the name of Coffin, and might be supposed to be of his family. When a number had been liberated, a negro presented himself, and claimed his liberty by the same title. 'What, (said the Admiral) you a Coffin, too!' 'Yes, massa.'—'How old are you?'—'Me thirty year, massa.'—'Well, then, you are not one of the Coffins, for they never turn black before they are forty.'

### *Going into Cork.*

A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, and showed no disposition to 'let up,' although the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered, 'he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours.' 'That will never do; I've got a few remarks to make myself,' said the president, 'but how shall I stave him off?' 'Well, I don't know; in the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then, if he wouldn't stop I'd stick a pin in it.' The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the 'brother' who had prescribed 'the pin style of treatment,' and said, 'I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!' 'Very likely,' said the wag, '*that leg is cork!*' Nothing has been seen of that president since.

### *Wise Saws, by Sam Slick.*

'Punctuality,' sais I, 'my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now take care of the minutes,' sais I, 'and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes. Attention to one airns money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and, in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well to do in this world, as times go.

Thinks I to myself, a man may be a resident, and no great

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shakes either—for after all he is only the lead horse of a team He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die.

When grasshoppers are so plenty as to make the pastures poor, gobblers grow fat. Hard times is what you thrive in, when the ponds dry up, the pokes get the pollywogs.

Take your daily bread, and be thankful; but don't pray to the Lord to lay up for you the loaves of years to come, to make you rich. Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of his oven.

It's no use talkin'. When you are down, poverty, like snow-shoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising. A man can't hope agin hope.

Work! airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be! Work! and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work! and see how independent you will be! Work, and see how happy your family will be! Work, and see how religious you will be! for, before you know where you are, instead of repinin' at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy!

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travelling companion, but he is not the man for your banker.

A woman who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings, and if she judges harshly, her feelings are not delicate. Her experience is her own; and if that is adverse, it ought at least, to impose silence. Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.

Them that have more than their own share of one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there ain't apt to be much 'gumption.' A handsome man in a gineral way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that have genius, have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked meat-pie: the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone. The middle is not bad, generally; but the smallest part of all is that which flavors the whole.

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YOUNG AMERICA.

*"May I have the honor of taking you down to dinner?"*

## *Good Advice.*

That was a very definite prescription which one old woman on Long Island gave to another respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not:

'You see, Miss, you must take the lumps and pound 'em up, e'en a'most to powder, and then sprinkle the powder on the top of a pan of water—and if the indigo is good, it will 'ther sink or swim, and I don't know which!'

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### *Highfalutin.*

A facetious gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler whom he thus addressed: 'Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality.' The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying: 'Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you.'

### *Scaly.*

'Have you much fish in your bag?' asked a person of a fisherman. 'Yes, there's a good eel in it,' was the rather slippery reply.

### *Three cents' worth of Cholera.*

A little girl being sent to a shop to purchase some dyestuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, 'John, what do folks dye with?' 'Die with? why, cholera, sometimes,' replied John. 'Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get three cents-worth.

### *A short Sermon.*

A farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society resolved to increase his salary. 'I beg of you not to think of any such thing.' said the minister; 'for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it.'

### *Patience Exhausted.*

The celebrated Dr. Brown paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company, when called on for a toast. Being observed one day to omit it, a gentleman reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favorite lady. 'Why, indeed,' said the doctor, 'I find it all in vain: since I have *toasted* her for so many years, and still cannot make her *Brown*, I am resolved to *toast* her no longer.'

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A PROVOKING BOY.

"I say, old feller, don't you want to buy a pair of boots? Say—hey—ha! ha!"

*An Umbrella.*

A prudent master advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquires how much of his wages he had saved. 'Faith, none at all,' said he; 'I did as you bid me: it rained yesterday, and it all went.'

*A Hard Joke.*

'Wood is the thing after all,' as the man with the oak leg said when the mad dog bit it.

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## *The Yankee Joke.*

In order to be a Yankee joker many qualifications are requisite. First of all, repudiate truth; secondly, call everything a fact but the truth; thirdly, the joker must be well grounded in the works of Munchausen, and a firm believer in the veracity of Gulliver's Travels. The Yankee joker must stick at nothing. After about six month's sharp practice, something like the following may be perpetrated. 'Talk of Crockett!—why Ezekiel Nash, a genuine down-easter, could send him to eternal smash right slick off. Nash chaws chain cables for 'bakey,' takes gunpowder for snuff, and blows his nose with a tin pocket handkerchief; he sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red hot. Instead of rats and mice, wolves and grisly bears prowl about his room at night, but he sleeps so sound he's obliged to be thrown out of bed every morning to wake him. Mother missed him when a baby, and found him at last seated on a hornet's nest, playing at bopeep with a couple of rattle-snakes. As an infant, 'Zekiel was a wonder, I guess; he had razors and bayonets for toys, walked in top-boots when he has three days old, sucked hot coals, and used to rub his gums with a nutmeg grater: they weaned him the very day he was born, and fed him on pap made of flint stones and lignum vitae soaked in prussic acid. His appetite for a boy was awful; he once eat a buffalo and three parts of a horse, and then asked if tea wasn't ready. When Nash travels by rail, he gets out to walk a trifle of forty or fifty miles, and waits an hour or two till the train overtakes him. The engine comes up panting and blowing, and often says with a forced laugh, 'bust my biler, 'Zekiel, but of all mortal critters you're the biggest; I reckon your father was a flash of lightning, and your mother an airthquake. Darn me, if you aint an ornament to creation.'

## *A Capital Idea.*

It is proposed on some of the Western railroads, to furnish 'baby cars' for the convenience of those travelling with these appendages, as well as for the comfort of travellers generally. The cars will be commodious, and well supplied with cradles baby jumpers, rattles, sugar candy, milk, paregoric, and other sedatives and conveniences.—An experienced matron, with wet

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and dry nurses, will be always in attendance. Babies will be *checked through*, and parents may rely upon every attention being paid to their comfort. In case of loss, the company bind themselves to get another as good in their place, in such cases the stockholders being individually liable.

### *The Railway of Life.*

Life's a railway!—on its line
Many people come and go,
Some, like first-class trains, are 'fast,'
Others most immensely 'slow.'

Stations from the lapse of years—
Changing prospects and condition:
And the grave's a terminus,
With a stoker for physician.



TRAIN'D ANIMALS.

### *Consultation of Physicians.*

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber, by three physicians, how to cure the fever and abate the thirst. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will take half the trouble off your hands: you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself.'

### *How the Irish Coachman got a place.*

The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gentleman, and he loved a joke. Well, there was plenty after the place, and to the first that wint up to him, 'Now, my man,' says he, 'tell me how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considers, and he says, says he, 'within a foot, plaze your honor, and no harm.' 'Very well,' says he, 'go down, and I'll give ye yer

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answer by-and by.' So the next came up, and he said he be bound to carry, 'em within half a foot; and the next five inches, and another, a dandified chap intirely, was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within three inches and a half, he'd go bail. Well, at last my turn came, and when his honor axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I says, says I, 'Plaze yer honor, I'd keep as far off it as I could!' 'Very well, Misther Byrne,' says he, 'you're my coachman, says he. Och! the roar there was in the kitchen when I wint down and told the joke.




THE BRITISH LION.

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### *Politeness of Lord Norbury.*

On one occasion while sitting as a criminal judge in Ireland he had to sentence half a dozen men to be hanged. He had them all brought up in a batch, and, severally naming five of them, pronounced judgment of death. An officer of the court reminded his lordship that he had missed one. The convict was sent for. 'My good man,' said Norbury, 'I've made a mistake about you, and I really must beg your pardon. I should have sentenced you with the rest, and quite omitted your name; pray, excuse me. The sentence of the law is that you, Darby Mahony—I really wonder how I came to pass you over—be taken hence to prison, and from prison to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead—I do hope you will excuse my mistake—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. That's all.'

### *The Cold-Water Man.*

BY J. G. SAXE.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name—
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to 'bob'
For anything but eels.

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A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right,
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove a 'bite.'

All day the fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to 'hook!'

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own with grief this angler had
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down—down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin,
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in.

Though one stood out upon the whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was, clearly, gin and water.

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The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear—
That drinking habits bring a man,
Too often, to his bier!

And he who scorns to 'take the pledge,
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a STIFF
COLD WATER-MAN AT LAST!

## *Universal Lamentation.*



SOME short time ago, a gentleman called at the office of a popular morning paper, with an advertisement, announcing the death of an old lady, for insertion on the following day. He found the person to whom it was necessary to apply on this occasion, rather more gruff, short, snappish, and disagreeable, if possible, than usual. This 'brief-spoken and surly-burly' personage, after glancing for a moment at the slip of paper on which the announcement was written, growled 'Seven and sixpence.' 'Seven and sixpence!' exclaimed the gentleman:—'how is that? On the last occasion, when I had the melancholy duty to perform of announcing the death of a person in your paper, I paid only seven shillings.' 'Seven and sixpence:—if you don't like it, don't leave it,' said old Surly-burly. 'Well, but allow me to ask, what is the occasion of the difference of price?' 'Why,' said Surly-burly, frowning severely, 'if I *must* gratify your curiosity, you've put in 'universally lamented;' and we always charge sixpence extra for 'universally lamented.'' 'Very well,' said the gentleman, 'there's the money; and allow me to say, that I am quite certain no one will ever go to the additional expense for *you*.'

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PAT'S TEE-TOTALISM.

'Arrah, Biddy, will you be afther going home wid me—shure and havn't I jined the tea-total society, and am I as sober as a judge—answer me that, Biddy you darlin.

## *Life Insurance.*

In a storm one night,
When all was fright
'Mongst passengers and crew
An Irish clown,
Like a block sat down,
And seemed as senseless too.
Conduct like this
Was much amiss,
And not to be endured—
But when asked why,
He made reply,
'Good folks, my life's insured.

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### *The Nose.*

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about the nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows
Noses are always touched, when lips are kissing;
And who would dare to kiss where nose was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be our moral means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose, a nose no other knows—
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows.

### *A Lucky Epigram.*

Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' was once well paid for a trifling execution of his muse: for having met at a dinner party the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following jeu-d'espit·

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds.

### *A Heavy Magistrate.*

A country schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference could not be less than five or six feet in girth, headed it, (by mistake of course,) thus—'*To the Mare and body corpulent*'

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*The Contradictory Couple.*

'I do believe,' said the husband, taking his spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, 'that of all the obstinate wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte.'

'Certainly, certainly; have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you,' rejoined the lady.

'Of course you didn't contradict me at the dinner-table; oh no! not you?' says the gentleman.

'Yes I did,' says the lady.

'Oh! you did!' cries the gentleman. 'You admit that?'

'If you call that contradiction, I do,' the lady answers; 'and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I *will* contradict you. I am not your slave.'

'Not my slave!' repeats the gentleman, bitterly; 'and you still mean to say that in Blackburn's new house there are no more than fourteen doors, including the wine-cellar.'

'I mean to say,' retorts the lady, beating time with her hair brush on the palm of her hand, 'that in that house there are just fourteen doors, and no more.'

'Well, then,' says the gentleman, rising and pacing the room with rapid strides; 'this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad.'

By and by the gentleman comes-to a little, and reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

'I appeal to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing-room, during tea.'

'Morgan, you surely mean,' interrupts the gentleman.

'I do not mean anything of the kind,' answers the lady.

'Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear, cries the gentleman, clenching his hands, and looking up in agony, 'she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins.'

'Do you take me for a perfect fool?' exclaims the lady. 'Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?'

'Jenkins with a blue coat!' cries the gentleman with a groan 'Jenkins in a blue coat?—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!'

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'Do you dare charge me with telling an untruth?' demands the lady, bursting into tears.

'I charge you, ma'am,' retorts the gentleman, starting up; 'with being a monster of contradiction—a monster of aggravation—a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements!'

*Cash and Correspondence.*

'Here's your money, dolt. Now, you intolerable jackass, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?' said an exasperated debtor. 'I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch the cheese!'

*A whole Team.*

A hen-pecked husband, whose wife must have been an exceedingly 'emancipated' female, and splendidly qualified to lecture upon the 'woman's rights' question, wrote the following epitaph after her demise:

'Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Betsey Rhett,
Who was a *whole team and horse to let!*'

*Boiled Bread.*

'Biddy,' said the landlady of a boarding-house to a new recruit in the kitchen, 'did you *bake* the bread we had for dinner, or *boil* it?' (The bread had been soggy,) 'Faix,' replied Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the noble art of cookery, 'an' be sure, misthress, I *did both.*'

*A Bowel Complaint.*

General Lane said one day, at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was '*too full for utterance.*'

*Dear Talk.*

'You seem animated by this fine autumn scene, my dear Annie,' said a lover. 'No,' said she, 'I never shall be *Anniemated* till I become your wife.'

*Forgery.*

Blacksmiths, it is said, *forge* and *steel* every day, but we think people speak *iron*-ically of them

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### *Water and Whiskey.*

A scuffle between some Irish laborers took place on a bridge, and, a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *nately* tumbled over the bridge. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, 'Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me *now* if you dare!'

### *To Subscribers.*

An independent country editor very pi quantly remarks:

'We do not belong to our 'patrons,'
Our paper is wholly our own—
Whoever may like it, can take it;
Who don't, can just let it alone.

### *Magnet and Bagnet.*

'What is the difference between the North Pole and a common soldier?' Several auditors 'threw themselves upon the subject,' without avail: 'when thus then' Haywarde, in explication: '' Cause the one controls the *magnet*, and the other the *bagnet*!'

### *Natural Affinity.*

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. 'Is it not very singular,' said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, 'that my hat took that direction?' 'Not at all,' replied the latter; 'it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water.'



THE SPANISH CAVALIER.—*A tale, to be continued.*

### *A Ticklish Bed.*

'Papa,' said a little boy to his parent the other day, 'are not sailors very—very small men?'

'No, my dear,' answered the father—'pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?'

'Because,' replied the young idea, smartly, 'I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep on his watch.'

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### *Narrow Escape.*



LD Mr. Fuddle fel. down in a puddle, just as a run away horse and shay came dashing and splashing, and tearing that way in helpless plight he roared with fright; the horse came quick, all gallop and kick, when the old man raised his great oak stick; the horse then shied a little aside, for sticks were no friends to his well-fed hide. Within a foot of Fuddle's toes, within an inch of his ruby nose, the wheel comes whizzing, and on it goes. Up rises Fuddle from out of the puddle, and stands on the road with a staggering stride, then wheeling away from the scene of the fray, he flourished his stick with a hero's pride.

### *Hung and Slung.*

An accepted suitor, one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm,' and describing the ardency of his affection, said; 'How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm.' 'Upon my word,' said the lady, 'you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging!'

### *Done Brown.*

'Has that cookery-book any pictures?' said Miss M. C. to a bookseller.

'No, madam, none,' was the answer.

'Why,' exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady,—'what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no plates?'

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## *Pleasant Things.*

It's very pleasant to take a lady to the theatre, and to find on reaching the door, that you have left your purse in your other pocket.

It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus opposite a baby who is sucking sugar candy, and playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best black kerseymeres.

It's very pleasant to meet a suspicious looking individual in a lonely road on a dark night, who carries a very thick stick, and wishes to know what time it is.

It's very pleasant to endeavor to open your door with the latch key at two in the morning, and be at length compelled to desist from a conviction that it is bolted inside.

It's very pleasant to overhear some one remark that you're not so good looking as you used to be.

It's very pleasant to be woke out of a nice sleep, and told there's a thief in the pantry.

It's very pleasant to lie in the parlor with a splitting head ache, and some one grinding coffee in the kitchen.

It's very pleasant to have your health drunk at a public dinner, and find you havn't a word to say for yourself by way of reply.

It's very pleasant to be found sticking on the Park railings, in the middle of the night, by a policeman.

It's very pleasant to have a poor relation who is always borrowing, and a rich one, who never lends.

It's very pleasant to slip down on the pavement opposite the house of your mortal enemy, and see him grinning at you from the window.

It's very pleasant to fancy you look like a soldier, and to be mistaken for a tailor.

And it's very pleasant to get your foot stuck in a grating, to drive a jibbing horse; to have your hat blown off from the top of an omnibus; to be told to call again to-morrow; to poke your umbrella through a plate-glass window; and to swallow a fish bone.

## *She Busted.*

The Engineer's apostrophe on his boiler.

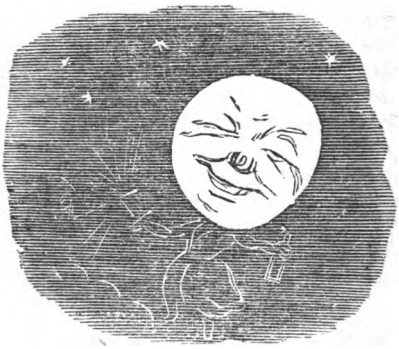
Alas! I thought she could be trusted—
But when I tightly tied her down—she *busted*,



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STRIKING CASE OF PARENTAL AFFECTION IN THE HOUR OF NEED.



THE MOON GETTING "HIGH."

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**UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION OF MR. JONES DURING A TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT.**

***N. B. Mr. Jones's skin is extremely sensitive; he must not remove his hands from the Table, and for 35 agonising minutes a wretched fly makes a promenade of his face***

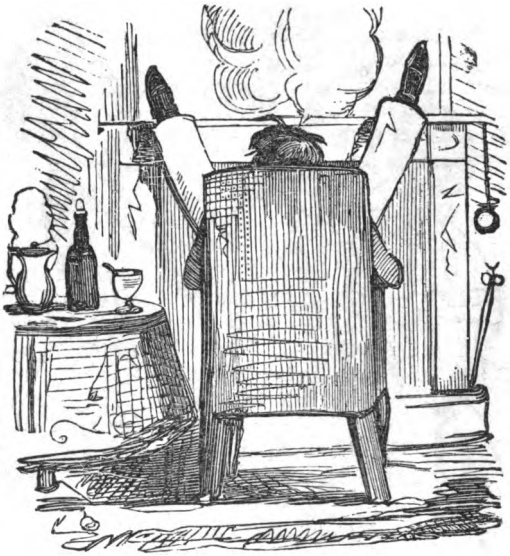


**A DOG-MA.**



**BAWL AND ROCKET PRACTICE.**

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## *My Husband.*

A SKETCH.

He sits in his chair from morn till night—
'Tis smoke! smoke! smoke!
At early morn he calls for a light,
He takes his cigar, and with all his might
He puffs and puffs, for his only delight
Is smoke! smoke! smoke!

The house all over from end to end
Is smoke! smoke! smoke!
In whatever room my way I bend,
If I take up his clothes to patch or mend.
Ungrateful odours will ever ascend!
Of smoke! smoke! smoke!

At home or abroad, far or near,
'Tis smoke! smoke! smoke!
Every day in the week, every day in the year—

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He'll never abandon the habit, that's clear—
And his days will certainly end, I fear,
In smoke! smoke! smoke!
Young ladies, he warn'd by my fate, and take heed
Not to wed with a fellow who uses the weed;
Far better that husbands you ever should lack. Oh
Ne'er marry a man who smokes vile Tobacco.

*Quaker Worsted.*



OT many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named Rachel H———, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new, or her lover too old; or from some *other* cause his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked, that it was the first modern instance he had known where 'Rachel refused to be Comfort-ed!'

*Editorial Duties.*

An editor has to use pens, scissors, and brains. Correct bad proofs, and revise worse manuscripts. Write puffs for nauseous medicines which he never tasted. Attend theatres, concerts, balls, races, exhibitions—in all of which he is expected to be deeply interested. Give descriptions of murders, riots, and marriages, review new books, and answer all questions proposed to him by correspondents. He is expected to use all the lotions sent to him, swallow all the cough drops, candies, and pills, to bear testimony to their value. To hear all the news, and comment upon it. To be ever ready to do anybody a service who asks it, free of all charge. To drink with every agent, mountebank, and sporting man, who wants a word or two said in the paper. To call on all distinguished strangers, and show them the lions. To read over a thousand exchanges, and not omit to notice every mammoth beet, and every Brodignag cabbage—to announce the arrival and departure of all eminent citizens, write obituaries of all friends, and biographical sketches of all dignitaries, puff all the best hotels, and lie about the poor ones. Who wouldn't be an editor

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TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

## *Salt Butter.*

**There is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.**



OFF, OFF, SAID THE STRANGER.



A WEEPING WILL-OW!

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AN OLD BLOWER.

### *A Good Leaper.*

An Irish gentleman, well known in the sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend with—

'Upon my word, ———, you are riding a good horse.'

'And why should I not ride a good horse?'

'Well,' rejoined his friend, 'but will he jump timber?'

'Timber!' replied the other, "faith. he'll jump over your head. man, in a jiffey.'

### *Boarding and Praying.*

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question:

"Mr. ——, if a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and dies, what do you do—do you pray for him?'

'No, sir,' he replied, 'I pray for another like him."

### *Curiosities recently purchased for Barnum.*

Napoleon's bootjack—A rare curiosity. Mr. B. has engaged a Corsican emigrant to illustrate the manner in which the world-renowned Emperor pulled off his boots.

A Thermometer—A mechanical phenomenon, showing the rise and fall of the Roman Empire.

A Falling Star—Picked up near the Tombs during the late frost. The meteor is almost entire, but not very bright.

Some Tea—Taken from the sloe poisoners of the nineteenth century.

The Travelling Carriage of the King of the Cannibal Islands—A fine specimen of handiwork and well calculated for producing stage effect.

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The Annihilator—A hybrid instrument, supposed to be a cross between a tin can and a gasometer.

The Long Bow with which William Tell did the apple feat—This curiosity ought certainly to draw crowds.

A Piece of Soap-stone—Procured from a beach washed by the Atlantic.

A fragment of the Ark, with a temporary nail in it—driven on Coney Island by the late blow.

A Date without any Stone—Supposed to be very old, and would probably be found very difficult to swallow.

*Cookery and Poetry.*

A Lothario thus pours out his soul in song to the mistress of his affections:

Methought my heart a roasting lay
On Cupid's kitchen-spit,
Methought he stole thy heart away
And stuck it next to it.

Methought my heart began to melt,
And thine to fat and gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one.

Then melted into grease we spread,
All into gravy ran,
And Cupid ate us both with bread,
Sopped up within the pan.




ARRIVAL OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

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### *A Case of Real Distress.*

We pity him, who, friendless and alone,
Sits down in some poor eating-house to dine
On Christmas Day, uncared for and unknown,
No kindred ties about him to entwine.

We pity him whose Christmas hearth is bare,
Whose wife and hungry children round him cling;
Whom bitter poverty forbids to share
The joys that Christmas to all else doth bring.

We pity the poor sailor, forced to roam,
Who spends his Christmas on the trackless sea;
We pity all, to whom the joys of home
Hard fate that day denies, whoe'er they be

But oh, what pity e'er can reach his fate
Who has agreed to dine—the rash, unwary 'un-
On Christmas Day with one whom he too late
Finds a teetotaler and a vegetarian!

### *Irish Distinction.*

Winchell tells a story of a stranger meeting an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a house at his side, when the following dialogue ensued:

'Is that a funeral?'
'Yes, sir, I'm thinking that it is.'
'Any body of distinction?'
'I reckon it is, sir.'
'Who is it that died?'
'The gintleman in the coffin, sir.'

### *Four months after date.*

There is a genius on Lake Champlain who takes a pair of skates, and writes a four months' note on the ice with such perfection, that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it.

### *A Jewel.*

A gentleman, just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife —'She is truly your *dear* wife,' replied the wit.

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### *Just Cause and Impediment.*

A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow of Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. 'Name them?' said the widow. 'The want of means to set up a retail store.' They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a cheque for ample means. When they met again the pedlar had hired and stocked his store and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. '*I have got another wife!*

### *Definition of Humbug.*

A severe instance of the use of the term 'humbug' occurred in a court of justice. A female in giving her evidence repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel [a very plain, if not an ugly person] observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation; to which she replied: 'Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?' The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

THE LOVERS.



'I've been waiting here this hour, sir,' said a little cross Toad, looking as sour as a crab on the 'apple of her eye.'

'My dear creature, I beg you a thousand pardons,' replied her devoted lover; 'but, unless I had borrowed *sham*-pinions

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(cham-pignons), I could not have flown to the foot of your toad-stool sooner. The fact is —'

'The fact is, sir,' interrupted his tender *innamorata*, 'you have been philandering.'

'Upon my veracity you do my affection an injury,' said the lover, laying his hand upon his heart, or rather the place formerly occupied by that muscle; for he had already bestowed it on the amiable object of his attachment. 'Oh! Toadalinda, you little know what I feel!' and he fumbled in his pocket for his snuff-box; for he was one of those valuable friends who are always ready at a pinch. 'The rains fell like a deluge,' and, fearful lest the tender flame of pure love should be extinguished by the inundation, I tarried on my way to purchase a Macintosh.'

'Ah! you have always some excuse for your conduct,' cried his lady. 'The other night you were detained at the club.'

'And did you not then blame me for having soaked my clay too much? It was that very rebuke, Toadalinda, that induced me on this rainy night to make this purchase, that I might not again be in the same condition.'

'You 're a rogue!'

'And you are a beauty!' said the lover, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

'Done, do!' cried Toadalinda; 'I 'll tell my ma, —— see if I don't.'

'And I 'm quite sure your ma will not mar our hopes,' replied the lover; 'for, though she is an affectionate wife, I feel confident, I 'm above *par* in her estimation.'

'Dear me! see how you've creased my sleeves. What will my parent say?'

'Say?' rejoined the lover. 'Why, when she sees your dress, she 'll say she sees my love *in-creases*, to be sure!'

'And call you a puppy—'

'No; for puppies are not fond of *muslin*, and I am,—when it adorns the fair proportions of Toadalinda!'

'Oh! you flatterer—'

'I speak the truth, though I see you through love's spectacles.'

'Does love wear spectacles?'

'Yes, and makes them too. Look at the rejected, or the jealous lover, are they not a pair of spectacles? But let us

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not waste the precious moments, Toadalinda. I've come to invite you to a hop.'

'A hop! Oh! delightful!'

'Yes, in Bogland Marsh. 'I 've succeeded in obtaining two tickets from the Lady Patroness. I assure you it will be quite a crack affair. Jack-o'-lantern illuminates on the occasion.'

'Gemini! how kind of you—'

'Yes; and I think we shall shine too, as the brass candlestick said to the saucepan; for few can shake a too better than your devoted; and you, my belvoed, are perfect in the figure, in more senses than one. But come along!'

The appeased and delighted Toadalinda put her arm within her lover's, while he held an expanded toad stool over her head to shelter her from the drizzling rain, and away they trotted to the scene of festivity, without waiting to partake of any refreshment; for, as the lover jocosely expressed himself, 'they were sure of a little *wet* upon the road!'

### *An Unfortunate Mare.*

An Irish horse-dealer sold a fine blood-mare, waranting her sound, wind and limb, and without fault. The purchaser, on her being sent home, found, upon examination, that the sight of one of her eyes was quite gone. Upon this he waited upon the dealer, and desired that she might be taken back and the purchase money returned, reminding the seller that he declared the mare to be without fault. 'To be sure, my dear, I did,' replied Paddy; '*blindness* is not the poor creature's *fault*, but her *misfortune*.'

### *Catched at it.*

A musical gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by *two* bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio;* 'I should rather imagine,' said the unfortunate gentleman, 'you wish for a *catch!*'

### *No Joke.*

A regular physician, being sent for by a quack doctor, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. 'Not so trifling, my good sir,' replied the quack, 'for, to tell you the truth, I have by mistake taken some of my own pills.'

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### *Hooking a Pike.*



A young gentleman, a short time since, was about making an excursion for fish, and on one of the thoroughfares to the lake he met and made the acquaintance of a lady, Mary Pike by name, with whom he became very much pleased, and from whom he could not part without some pangs of sadness. He expressed a hope that he might hear from her occasionally. To which she replied, that 'if he was not successful in taking fish at the lakes, she had not any objection to his dropping a line to her.'

### *Pomp and Fop.*

A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. 'Not very well,' was the reply; 'they are so dreadfully out of repair.'

### *Getting over a Bust.*

The man who was injured by a burst of applause is fast recovering.

### *A transported Wag.*

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said, 'Notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind, they go away in *transports!*'

**The Spanish Cavalier**—*A tale,—concluded.*

### *Caught.*

Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold

### *The Barrister Matched.*

At a late Quarter Sessions, a man was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. 'Why,' said the counsel for the prisoner 'they can't be such a rare breed—I have some like them in my yard.' 'That's very likely, sir,' said the farmer; 'they are not the *only* ducks I have had stolen lately.'

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### *A Speedy Cure.*

'Doctor,' said a querulous, suffering patient, who had paid a good deal of money for physic to apparent little purpose 'you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?' 'So I will,' was the prompt reply, 'if you insist on it;' and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy bottle on the sideboard.

### *Cutting a Gal.*

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Because she is a *Cut-lass.*

### *Catechism of the Fine Arts.*

Q.—What is Poetry?

A.—Too frequently 'doggerel.' Some prefer *measures* to imagination; but, properly speaking, *imagination* ought to be allowed to take its own *measures.*

Q.—What is meant by music?

A.—Music is generally supposed to be a succession of sounds which create agreeable sensations, but this is a fallacy, since it too frequently happens that the sounds at our modern theatres promote just the reverse feeling. Vocalists who *ascend the scale* in their own estimation, generally *go down* the scale in public opinion.

Q.—What is an Overture?

A.—A proposal of marriage to a pretty girl.

Q.—And a Symphony?

A.—A Symphony is the expressed approbation of the couple about to be 'made one,' which is thoroughly within musical rules, as *all* parties ought to play together as *one* executant.

Q.—What is a Solo?

A.—A 'Solo' is a somewhat solitary affair, and is best illustrated when a lover is expecting his 'lady love,' who is rather behind her appointment.

Q.—What is a Duo?

A.—A Duo is redolent of sweet sounds, being no more nor less than the 'protestations of faith' between the lover and the beloved.

Q.—Then what do you understand by a Trio?

A.—It is not so agreeable as a Duo. On the contrary, it is calculated to mar musical effect—since it is well known that '*two* are company, but *three* are none!'

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*Characters.*

The following amusing circumstance is stated to have occurred at a fancy ball given in Washington City, recently. It was understood that every person was to dress in character, and an usher was stationed at the door of the saloon, to announce to the company within, the different characters as they entered. Two young ladies appeared at the entrance. 'Your characters?' asked the usher in a whisper. 'We do not appear in costume to-night!' said the two young ladies. 'Two ladies without any characters,' bawled out the usher, at the top of his voice.

*Trite and True.*

'I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you,' said a quaint parson, in his valedictory address to his flock; 'that is, I shall leave you.'

*On Miss Anna Bread.*

While belles their lovely graces speak,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with *Anna Bread*,
And won't have any *but her*.

*Anderson, the Wizard, sold by a Yankee.*

Professor Anderson was once accosted by a rawlooking Yankee—thus—

'I say! are you Professor Anderson, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wal, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear. You aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye—have you?'

'No, sir.'

'Wal, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that are bottle, as I am going out stumping for ——. I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics, either!'

'I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it.'

'Sorry for that, sir,' said the —— stumper. 'However,' he continued, 'I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forget how the thing was done, now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent, and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece.'

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'Oh,' said the professor, 'that is quite simple a mere trick of sleight of hand.'

'Wal, I know it's not very difficult, but as I forget how, will you show me?' At the same time handing a cent to the Wizard.

'Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold your hand,' said the Wizard. 'This is your cent, is it not?'

'Yes sir.'

'*Close your hand.*'

The down Easter closed his hand fast.

'Are you sure you have it?' said the Wizard.

'I guess I have,' said he; 'and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten-dollar gold piece.'

'Done!' said the Wizard. 'Now hold fast!'

'Yes, sir! I reckon *I will*—but stop! down with your dollar! here's mine!' said the Yankee.

The Wizard covered his dollar.

'Now, sir, are you ready?' said the Wizard.

'I aint nothing else!' said the down Easter.

'Change!' said the Wizard. 'Now, sir, open your hand.'

He did so, and, to his utter astonishment, he held a *bona fide ten-dollar gold-piece*.

'Well, sir,' said the Wizard, 'you see you have lost your dollar?'

'I guess I have!' said he, handing over the two dollars.

'Now,' said the professor, 'I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten-dollar piece into your cent again, much quicker.'

'No, yer don't!' said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning up tight. 'I'm much obliged to you, purfessor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is! Good morning, *ola hoss!*' said he, walking out of the office; and, turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in a close approximation to his proboscis, saying: 'I guess there aint anything green about this child!' and left the professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

## *Acquaintance Table.*

Two glances make one bow—two bows one how d'ye do—six how d'ye do's one conversation—four conversations one acquaintance.

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## *Hard Stories.*



MANY of our 'river men' are not slow coaches in telling long yarns. During these low water times, the river folks have nothing to do else than sample fluids and solids, whittle, smoke, and spin yarns. About a dozen of well known river captains, pilots, etc., congregated t'other day, when one led off with saying:

'Capt. Mac, thundering cool morning.'

'Cool,' says Mac, 'don't begin to be Why boys, I've seen the weather so cool up the Missouri, that when I and Bob Graham got in a skiff to cross the river, a norther swept down stream, and the water begin to chill. 'Pull, says I; 'Bob, stick in your paddle, it's going to freeze.'

''Tis freezing,' said Bob.

'Pull,' says I, and the ice began to get thick as window glass, afore we got ten yards out in the river. 'Pull,' says I, 'Bob;' but Lord a massy, boys, afore we got ten rods further, the ice was thick as a beef-steak, and though Bob and I kept a breaking up the ice, and pushing the boat, it got so ahead of us, that we dropped the skiff; she was froze in; we got on the ice, and run like ——, *to get ashore before we froze to death.*'

'Not so very cold, that warn't, nuther,' says a weather-beaten pilot; 'now, there's Jimmy Galfillian and I once were driving a flock of sheep across a prairie, near the Illinois river; about the time we got half way across the prairie, one of them north winds swept down upon us, the sheep huddled together, we found we were about **to freeze**, so we takes to our feet and runs about two miles to a woods, where we started a fire, and laid up for the night. It was awful cool—a feller would roast



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on one side to the fire, and freeze on t'other. Well, sirs, next morning we goes out to the sheep; they were huddled up together; we commenced starting 'em up, none of 'em would move, and by thunder and Goliah, we found them all dead—*froze together all in a lump!*'

'That sheep story,' said a well-known 'riverman,' who with a dirk-knife, was giving the finishing touches to a white pine dolphin, 'is some; it *is* cold on the prairie now and then; but I can tell you of a cool snap I once knew in the dead of summer time, out here in Shelby, Kentucky.'

'Cool snap in the dead of summer,' said several of the slightly incredulous.

'Why, yes, you see we were out harvesting; the frogs were mighty thick around there, and it came on to freeze and blow so in ten minutes, that the ground got as hard as ever you see it in the middle of winter. Well, the frogs were so suddenly took by the cold snap, that they were froze in the mud afore they could get their heads under, and we walked over an acre lot and kicked off the heads of more than ten thousand frogs frozen in that way.'



AWFUL PAUSE! (PAWS.)

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*The Philosophy of Marriage.*

Marriage is like a silk purse,—most agreeable to bear when there is plenty money in it.

Marriage is like a mouse-trap:—once get into it, and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty.

Marriage is like a 'rose-tree in full bearing.' How attractive are its flowers! But the bright leaves fall after a season, and the thorns alone remain.

Marriage, among fools, is like a boiled calf's head without the accompaniment of brains.

Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday—served up cold on Monday—ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday—and hashed up on Wednesday.

Marriage is the sunshine of life; beneath its genial influence spring up the best affections, and the noblest virtues of man,

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which, in the stoutlity of selfish celibacy, would have lain dormant and useless. It is the source of virtuous pleasure in youth; the balm and solace of old age.

A good wife is, in fine, a priceless jewel, for, as Solomon truly says, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the way of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

*Law! how odd.*



HEN a Kentucky judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling, 'is that law, your honor?' he replied, 'if the court understands herself, and she think she do, it are

*A new way to raise Meat.*

A little girl saw her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the 'focus' Not knowing what the word focus meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was the place where the rays meet. At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, as grand as could be, that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word 'fucus.' 'Well, Mary,' said he, 'what does it mean?' 'Why,' she replied, 'it means a place where they raise calves!' This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. 'There, said she, triumphantly: 'Focus, a place where the rays meet,' Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves—and so I am right.

*Phonography.*

A lazy boy out in Indiana spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn!

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GOT A BITE AT LAST.

## *Valentines and Wigs.*

A bachelor friend of ours got a valentine this year which 'opened' beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhymes that she was dying to learn a secret which he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to ascertain his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins; for love despises all such considerations. But would he tell her—and cure the wound in her soul; would he tell her—and thrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her, which riches and honor could not bring; *would* he, would he tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

## *Lessons in Behavior.*

Down South a newly-appointed gaoler once told the convicts at if they did not behave themselves, he would ***kick them t of the establishment.***'

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## *An Amusing Law Case.*



MANY years ago, in Newcastle county, Del., an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery; in due time the case came up for trial. The Irishman, being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of our keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

'You say that the prisoner at the bar was the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

'Yes.'

'Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?

'Devil a bit iv it.'

'Was it starlight?'

'Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you.'

'Was there any light shining from any house near by?'

'Devil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about.'

'Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any other house, and so dark that you couldn't see even your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner is the man? How did you see him?'

'Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out iv my eyes so bright, you might have seen to pick up a pin, you could.'

The court, jury, counsel, and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was directly after, declared not guilty.

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## *The Dark Side of Matrimony.*



LATELY, a slave in the West Indies who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her? 'Why, massa, she is no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do.' The minister: 'But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse.' 'Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good at all.'

## *How to Get the Girls Married.*

A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between 'death and matrimony!' 'You can imagine,' continued he, 'which of the two they preferred.'

## *The Cow and Calf.*

A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at a country tavern, thus asked for it: 'Landlady, please pass your cow this way!' To whom the lady thus retorted; 'Waiter, take the cow down there where the calf is bleating!'

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## Horace Greeley among the Gals.



*From the New-York Tribune.*

Not long since we entered on omnibus in Greenwich street, to go to the corner of Bowery and Grand, where we had engaged to meet our better-half at a certain hour, in order to accompany her to the eastern side of the town. Our entrance completed the number of passengers. But the driver drew up soon after to take in two misses of seventeen or eighteen, who had been shopping in Canal-street, and were now on their way home, each with a considerable parcel in her hand. As the stage stopped, we mildly informed the ladies that our number was completed, but a good-natured German, who sat between us and the door, assured them that there was plenty of room, telling us at the same time that the stage was never full to ladies; and, accordingly, as our fair invaders entered, and the dishonest Jehu snapped his whip, what does our frolicsome Teuton do but force them both down upon *our* timorous knees, and leave us the undivided burden of their gleesome gravities for the remainder of the journey!

We could easily have borne all this. The young ladies were considerate, and sat as lightly as they knew how. There was, besides, a certain consecrating air of maiden modesty about them, which gave one a feeling the whilst of serving the high-

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er powers, and made our deference worshipful and easy. But as we entered Grand street, and approached the Bowery, the anxious thought could not but intrude, whether or not our amiable and exemplary consort had already arrived at the appointed spot. A few more jolts of the omnibus, and a few smothered giggles on the part of the young ladies, and we came to the Bowery, where we beheld our fond Jemima diligently scrutinizing the advancing vehicle. Imagine the shock she received when her eye fell upon our foolish countenance and perceived the blooming and buxom barricade, behind which not our will, but a mistaken sense of duty alone, had forced us. We struggled arduously out of our embarrassment, and descended, treading thankfully on the German's toes by the way; but we found our journey unnecessary. Jemima felt no desire to visit the eastern side of the town; apparently had never felt any. Her whole desire now was to make her direct way home as speedile as possibly, and we followed quickly in her wake, wishing every confounded German back in Vaterland. To our reiterated protestations of the truth on the subject, Jemima lent, after a while, a pleased attention; and we may at once dismiss this aspect of the affair, by saying that the current of our felicity fell very soon into its ordinary unimpeded channels.

### *Two Stories respecting men who have Big Feet.*

One is that of a traveller, who, on asking the boots at an inn where on earth he should get a jack that was large enough was recommended to walk back to the fork of the road, and 'pull 'em off there.' The other relates to a shoemaker, who made the excuse that he had not finished a customer's boots because it had rained every day since the measure was taken. 'Rained!' exclaimed the astonished patron, 'well, what had that to do with it?' 'It had a good deal to do with it,' said Crispin. 'When I make your boots, I've got to do it out of doors, for I hav'nt room in my shop, and I can't work out of doors in rainy weather!'

### *Job and a horse.*

The following is a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting, in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next

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day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: 'Oh, that I knew where I might find him.' The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out: 'I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn!'

### *The Reason.*

It was observed of a deceased lawyer, that he left but few *effects*; on which a female remarked, that 'he had but few *causes*.'

BARNUM IN THREE CHARACTERS.



'WOOLLY HORSE,' 'SHANGHAI' AND 'MERMAID.'

AMERICAN MUSEUM. The proprietor being in high *feather*, respectfully announces an entire change of *bill*, and a novelty in the performances of this popular place of amusement, which will enable him to crow over every other esthblishment, and which no doubt will be appre*hen*ded and compre*hen*ded, but not repre*hen*ded by the public. The performance referred to, will consist of a *mealy*-dramatic piece entitled

*FOWL* PROCEEDINGS:

OR, THE WONDERFUL CACKLE-ATION.

The principal characters are as follows:

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The Hon. BOLTON GRAY,

CHEM SHANGHAI, related to the Great Mogul and the Great *Sea*-gull.

GOSLINGTON GANDERLEGS—*gone-goose*, but no *chicken.*

SIR HOB GOBLER—A *turkey* merchant.

Major STRUT BANTAM—the beau-ideal of a *cox*-comb.

Doct. MUSCOVY—A famous *covey* for a *muss*, and an undeniable *quack.*

Lady GOLDEN HAMBURG, Dame PARTLETT,

CHICKIANIA PULLET.

An immense train of chicken *soup*-ernumeraries, &c.,

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY, INCIDENTS, &c.

### ACT I.

*Scene I.* A vast Barn-yard, General Convention of the Feathered Creation; Grand Opening Chorus; '*Spread Yourselves!*' The Plot Thickens, and so does the Pot-pie; Tremendous Question—'Shall we put these Fowls in the Barn? Certainly *Barn' em, Barn' em.*

*Scene II.*—*Turkey* by Moonlight; *Rushing* invasion Song: 'Lend us *a wing*'

*Scene III.*—The interior of the Barn: Entrance of two Fellows, who, look as if they were going to rob a Hen-Roost Scuffle for Life, as the result of which, one Chicken gets *dished* and the other is very much *cut up.* Grand-Tableau and Chorus, 'Cut, cut, cut, ca *da*, cut!'

### ACT II

*Scene I.*—Interior of a Cage; 'Why am I *cooped* up here? 'This sticks in my crop;' a *merry thought*; Duett—'Pick up your Combs.'

*Scene II.*—A shanty near the Rail-road; The Fowls Transported, but not rejoicing; A Tailor enters in search of his *goose;* Suspicion of foul play; The escape; 'The Shanty Clear; Oh! shan't I clear? Song—'I'll be Roosting Here while you're Roasting there.'

*Scene III.*—The Kitchen; Preparations for Dinner, in the *range*—of dramatic probability; Pigeon-wing Polka and Drum stick Waltz; Dinner ready, and in consequence, a Table-oh.

### ACT III.

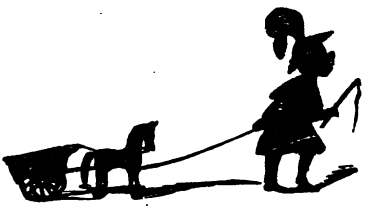
*Scene* I.—In front of the Museum, 'Birds of a feather flocking together,' Terrific Combat,' 'Battle of the Spurs.'

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*Scene Last.*—Interior of the Museum; Dance, *Crow-cav* vienne; A Challenge from 'the Happy Family' and Defiance from the 'Giraffes;' Grand Confusion; A terrible *stew*, and a general broil, *Hisstorical* and Chronological discussion by two geese *outside* the cages: The entire back (the *canvas* back) of the stage opens, and displays a magnificent procession of all the Henries in the annals of England and America, from Henry I. to Henry VIII., and from Patrick Henry to the *Hen-eries* in Barnum's Museum.

The audience are forbidden to *hiss*, crow, or *lay*—a wager No *eggs*action at the doors.

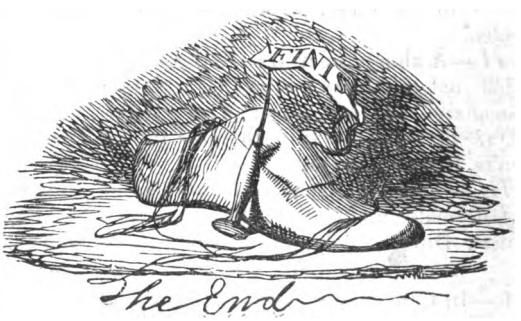
Performance to commence as usual about *day-break.*



A DRAWING MASTER.

*The Very Last Joke.*

'So far, so good,' as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.




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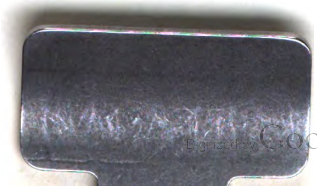
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